

# The Reader

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OCTOBER, 1903

No. 5

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## Writers and Readers

*Illustrated Notes of Authors, Books and the Drama*

THE series of articles which we have published in THE READER under the title of "The Literary Guillotine," is shortly to be issued in book form by Mr. John Lane, for the convenience, we presume, of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Mr. Henry James, Professor Brander Mathews and the forty or more other literary celebrities who were brought to the bar of "The Literary Emergency Court."

This renewed publication of "The Literary Guillotine" will undoubtedly cause the question of the book's authorship to be again discussed, but the real name of the author is not likely to be known until the death of one or two of the "victims" who have taken their mock arraignment unkindly. The idea of the series was conceived in a spirit of fairness and humor, and was carried out in a manner well within the bounds of legitimate criticism and satire, as the majority of the authors included have been quick to acknowledge.

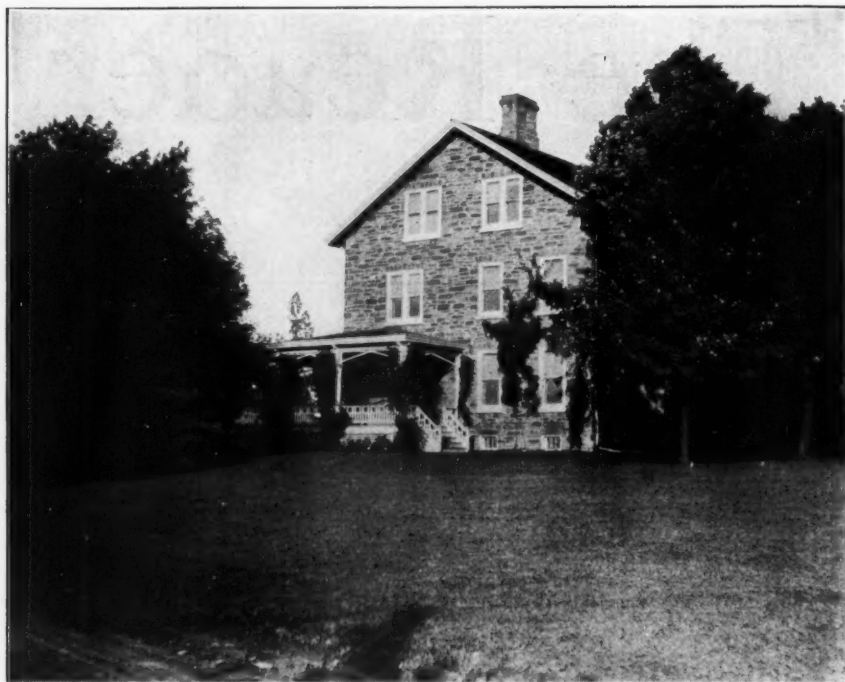
THE announcement of a new, illustrated edition of Mr. Hay's "Castilian Days" is welcome.

THERE is a wealth of unsuspected poetical talent lying perdu in the editorial rooms of our leading magazines, which, if it received proper encouragement from influential contributors, might yield interesting results. Only the other day, a sonneteer sent some MSS. to a famous periodical, which we will prudently disguise by calling it "Old Hundred," accompanied by what he thought a really compelling note, in lyric form, addressed to the editor. He was astonished, when his contribution duly came back, to find with it the following variation upon the customary thanks-and-regrets formula:

"The Editors sadly  
Confess and deplore  
They've added quite madly  
To verses in store;

"So they seem,—what is worse,  
And is far from the case,—  
To verses averse,  
When it's just lack of space!"

This is certainly the prettiest form of refusal we have known.



"WYNCOTE" BOUGHT FROM THE PROCEEDS OF "THE LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON"

THERE is very little to be told about Mr. George Horace Lorimer, the editor of "The Saturday Evening Post," and author of "The Letters of a Self-made Merchant to His Son," that is not said in our article, "The Arrival of George Horace Lorimer," published elsewhere in this issue of THE READER.

ALBERT Bigelow Paine has two very bright little daughters who are fond of pictures. One evening he was showing them some new ones he had brought home in an Art Book. One, with a bit of sea showing through the trees and labelled "A Seascape," puzzled the younger child.

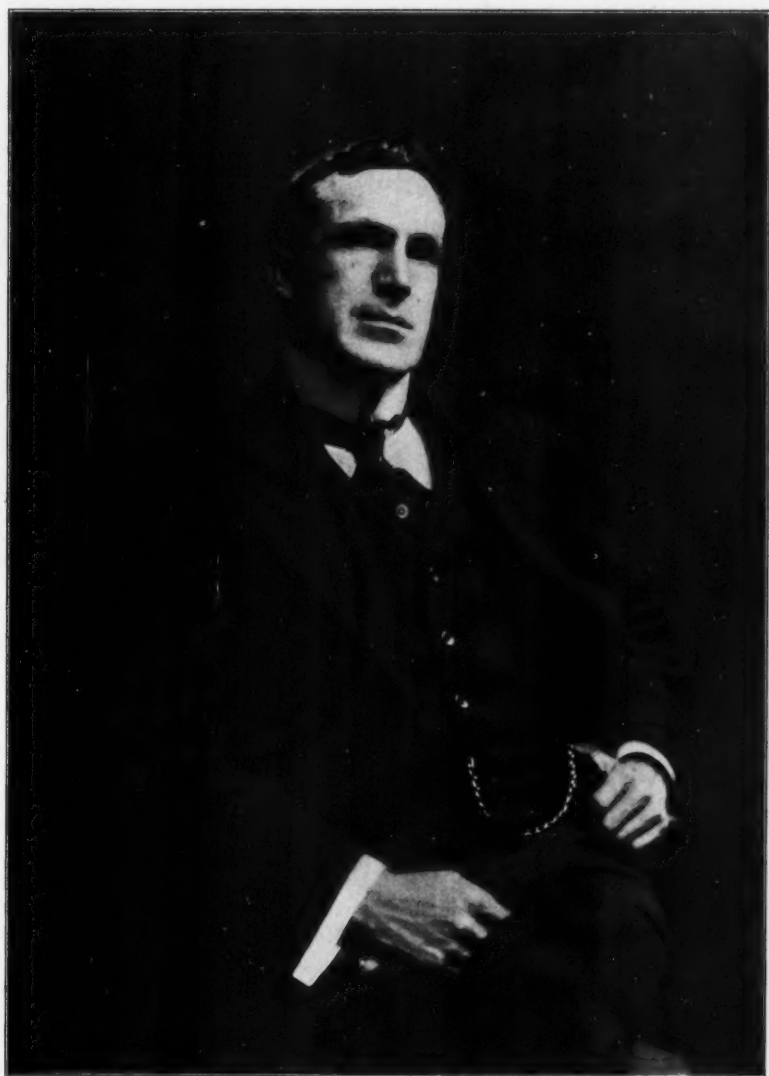
"What's the difference, papa," she asked, "between a landscape and a seascape?"

"Why, don't you know that?"

broke in the elder, with a very superior air. "A seascape is painted with water colors, and the other one isn't."

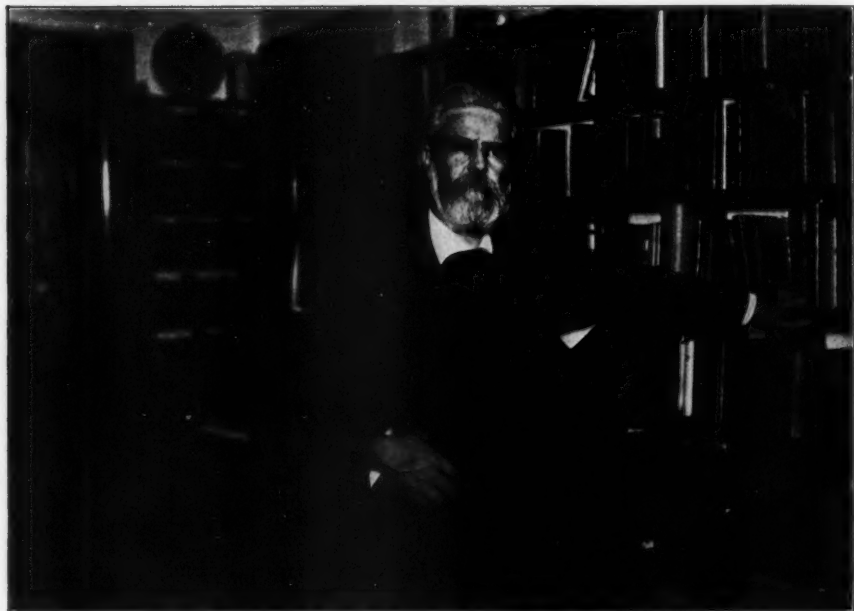


ANOTHER VIEW OF "WYNCOTE"



*Photographed for THE READER by Miss Ben Yusuf*  
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MR. GEORGE HORACE LORIMER



MR. EDWIN MARKHAM IN HIS LIBRARY

ONE of our readers writes to us: "I read the article on 'Misinterpreting the West' in your September issue with much interest and sympathy: all but the last sentence. What possessed Mr. Chapman to quote Owen Wister as an apostle of realism? I have interviewed three ex-cowboys familiar with the field of 'The Virginian,' and the things they say about it wouldn't do to print."

"THE Ambassadors," by Henry James, to be issued next month in book form, after running as a serial throughout the year in "The North American Review," is so emphatically a work of noble literature as more and more to convince us of the respect due its highly distinguished author—a respect, we may add, that ought to be more freely conceded and expressed. In the first place, and peculiarly in the present novel, Mr.

James conveys in his own subtle manner the sense of the unexplainableness of life, the frequent consciousness of which, usually arising out of some everyday occurrence, is a story in the experience of all. He does not give us the tremor that abides with mystery; his is the clarifying nature that would keep nothing hid, save what from trite or utterly fantastic reasons would profit us too little if we knew; he goes, indeed, as far as any person can go with surety, and his writing is therefore exceptionally wise as well as courageous. Secondly, Mr. James gives—and always without effort—the sense of life's largeness, of the impossibility of doing more in letters than to touch very transiently one inexorably small part; and in his perceptions of these qualities of existence and their union with some distinctly human narrative, he is probably the greatest novelist that ever lived.





THE SUMMER HOME OF MR. MEREDITH NICHOLSON  
THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAIN CHANCE"

WHEN, some writer having abruptly become conspicuous through a particular work—it thereby becomes necessary for some more modest personage to suddenly furnish specific details to a clamoring public that naturally likes to know what manner of man this is, and what environment shaped his ends, we inevitably have recourse to the Artist who corrals universal information in the course of his legitimate pursuits. Being thus brusquely required to tabulate the deeds of Mr. Meredith Nicholson, therefore,—one whom we have never met, who occupies a habitation we have never seen, in an unpronounceable village we have not before heard of—and who, moreover, has written a notable book,—we queried the ubiquitous artist, who was in an enthusiastic and expansive mood; he assured us that Mr. Nicholson, whose summer home is shown above, distinctly possesses the sort of personality and character

which we are led to expect from the literary standards achieved in his work of fiction, "The Main Chance." A keen sense of humor lurks about the corners of a mouth that is sensitive, clean-modelled and firm, and also in the clear eyes, that bespeak keen insight and broad vision; a fine poise of intellect shows blended in all the features of his refined countenance.

Belle Point, at Wequetonsing, is the summer home of this young author. Here, in the third story of this tree-embowered cottage he has fitted up a working den that none may enter save by special permit of the occupant, since the passage to and from it is accomplished by a swinging ship's ladder that may be drawn up after one and thus effectually isolate one from intruders. Interest centres here, to the reader, chiefly from the fact that the final draft of this notable novel took shape within these walls, in the summer of 1902.

**M**R. Earl Stetson Crawford, whose reminiscent article, "The Gentler Side of Mr. Whistler," appeared in the September issue of this magazine, is one of the youngest of our successful artists who have first availed themselves of the comprehensive instruction and wide experience to be derived from foreign sources, and then returned to their own land and people to falsify the old proverb that "a man is not without honor," etc. Because so many feel called but so few prove elect, in the last analysis which decides for genius or mediocrity in Art as a vocation, it is the easier to distinguish that exceptional one who if, by reason of youth, he may not quite be parsed in the past perfect of the French verb *arriver* may yet be authoritatively mentioned in the present participle as "getting there" rapidly. In most of the best examples of his work which Mr. Crawford has brought back with him from Europe, the direct influence of his beloved Master is distinctly manifest: very noticeably so in a life-size oil portrait of himself, painted and exhibited in Munich, which is distinctly Whistlerian in tone and treatment, though not open to the accusation of being flagrantly imitative.

Mr. Crawford's first ambition to become an architect induced him to take a full industrial art course in Philadelphia, where he devoted most of his attention to life work, designing some characteristic and creditable posters as a side issue. The winning of some competitive prizes, notably the Hovinden Memorial, during this preparatory course, showed talent for painting and decoration, the recognition of which talent was instrumental in deflecting him from his intended course, and he directed his steps towards Paris, where he studied under such masters as Delaclone, Callot, Benj. Constant, Jean Paul Laurens and Bouguereau. He also received art criticisms along

mural decorative lines from Puvis de Chavannes, whose work in decorative art impressed him more than that of any other modern artist.

Finally he allied himself to the teachings and art principles of James McNeill Whistler, with whom he studied for several years, devoting most of the time given his other masters to drawing from the nude, supplemented now and then with color studies. It was while in Paris that he painted and sold "Samyama," which we reproduce. It is an imaginative study suggested by a character in "La Poupée Japonnaise," a work of fiction much in vogue in France at that time.

During Mr. Crawford's extensive travels in Europe he visited Rome, where he painted several of his most successful decorative subjects, and made special studies of the great epochs of decorative art. He exhibited for the first time in the Salon de La Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, in 1899. (Champs de Mars.) The picture was entitled "Portrait de Mlle. B——," and was well hung. He also studied and exhibited in Munich.

At present Mr. Crawford is designing six cartoons for large lunettes to be executed in mosaic and placed in the United States Court House and Post-Office at San Francisco. These are in two sets; the first represents Columbia's progress in the arts and sciences during the present century, the second, Law and her attributes.

**T**HERE has been during the last year a steadily growing interest in a new writer, chiefly of humorous stories, who signs himself "O. Henry." It is pretty well known that the signature O. Henry covers a multitude of good manuscripts; but that the same writer draws every little while attention to entirely new names is a fact of less publicity.

There was a story, for instance, in a



FROM THE ORIGINAL BY EARL STETSON CRAWFORD

recent issue of "Ainslee's Magazine" called "While the Auto Waits," signed James L. Bliss. A newspaper called attention to it with enthusiasm, and recognition of its artistic quality soon followed from every direction, one well-know editor personally congratulating Mr. Bliss on that story and all his work! The one and only appearance of James L. Bliss seemed to have stimulated his imagination.

Even better than this story are some humorously philosophical yarns of the West and of South America, of which latter there is expectation that a book will be made. There is every reason to suppose that the present and unusual interest taken in O. Henry will not diminish. He has run a gamut of experience, from the study of medicine to affiliation with train robbers, and has in himself an everlasting fund of material.

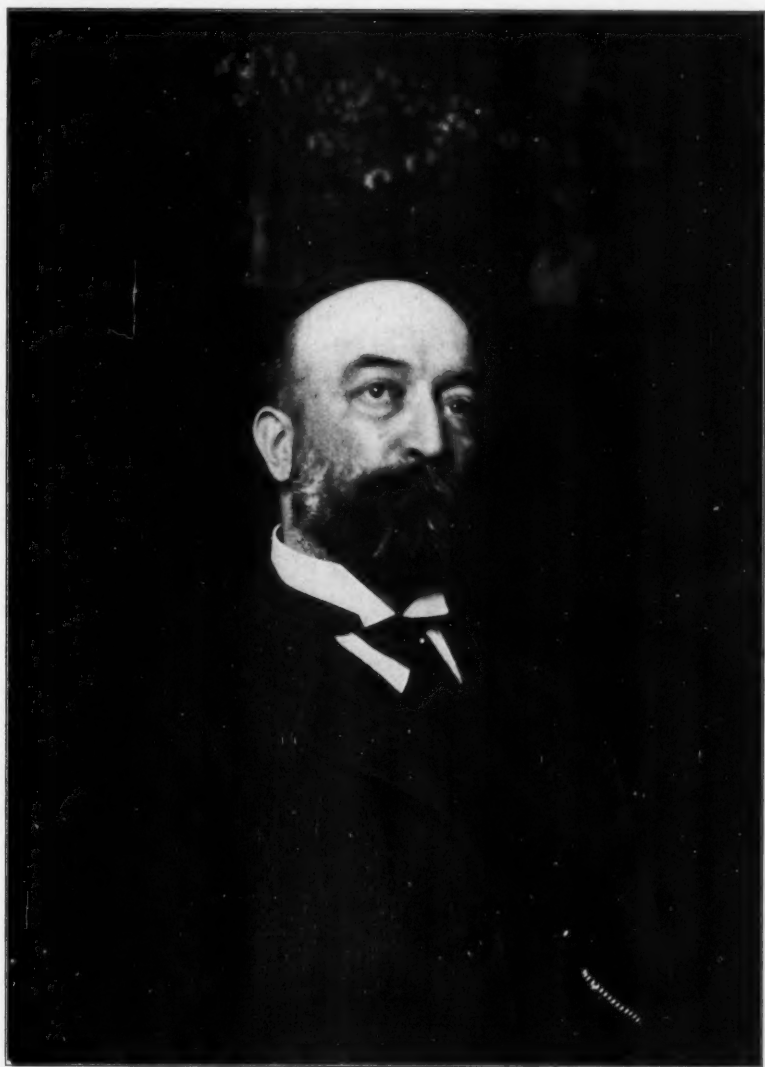
Round about his pseudonym there has been enacted a curious little comedy of errors. He has been taken for a woman. It has been stated in print that he is a Junior at Harvard College with a wild Western past, and a great French painter for uncle; so that congratulations and propositions are said to be drifting in the Cambridge mails. He has been identified a dozen times. But, after all, the man's desire to keep his privacy is genuine; a quality nowadays rare, and in this case respectable.

IT is announced in "The Academy" (London) that the authorship of "The MS. Found in a Red Box" was established a few days before the publication of the book, but that Mr. Lane's manager withheld the news from Mr. Lane until the book was issued and on sale. This was very thoughtful of the manager, and we hope that Mr. Lane is adequately grateful for this heroic rescue from the ridiculous of his red-ink preface. Mr. Lane—or is it his manager?—has recently invented an

additional rule to add interest to the game of publishing. With the last book received from this publisher for review there came a printed slip "With the compliments of the author and publisher," followed by autograph reproductions of the signatures of the two gentlemen. This rather elaborate courtesy is utterly spoiled by the impress of a rubber stamp on the white lining paper of the book, a cheap and vulgar habit which still prevails with a few publishers in London, in their endeavor to keep review copies from the book-stalls. The majority of the English publishers made up their minds some years ago that a reviewer did not sell a good book, and could not—even if he would—secure the traditional "sixpence" for a poor one.

OUR readers will be glad to know that "The Fortunes of Fifi" is now to be procured in book form. A masterpiece in miniature is this; a book all flavor and prettiness inside and out,—so sprightly in humor, so subtle in charm that the reader who is not captivated must be as stupid as Fifi's ridiculous fiancé. Though its situations are farcical, it is something far better than farce, a quaint comedy of the heart which might have been written by Daudet. Miss Seawell has outdone herself in these surprising adventures of a wonderful little actress, a small black dog, the Emperor Napoleon, a lottery ticket, His Holiness the Pope, a blue satin bed and a stiff-legged hero.

READERS of the first two numbers of THE READER will remember the fifteen "Lyrics from Sappho," by Bliss Carman, published therein. These poems were selected from a total of one hundred lyrics written by Mr. Carman, which are now announced for publication in a limited edition by L. C. Page & Company.



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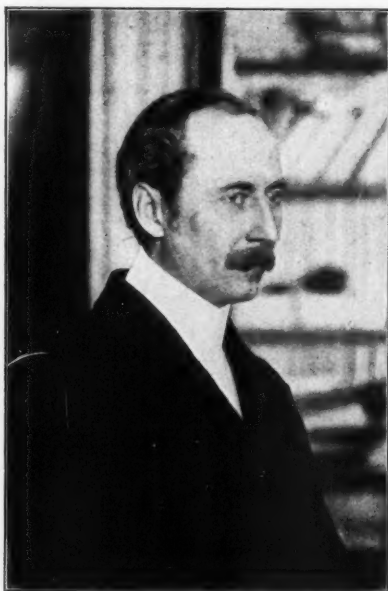
MR. EDWARD LIVERMORE BURLINGAME  
EDITOR OF "SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE"



MR. MARVIN DANA  
EDITOR OF THE SMART SET



MR. RICHARD DUFFY  
EDITOR OF AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

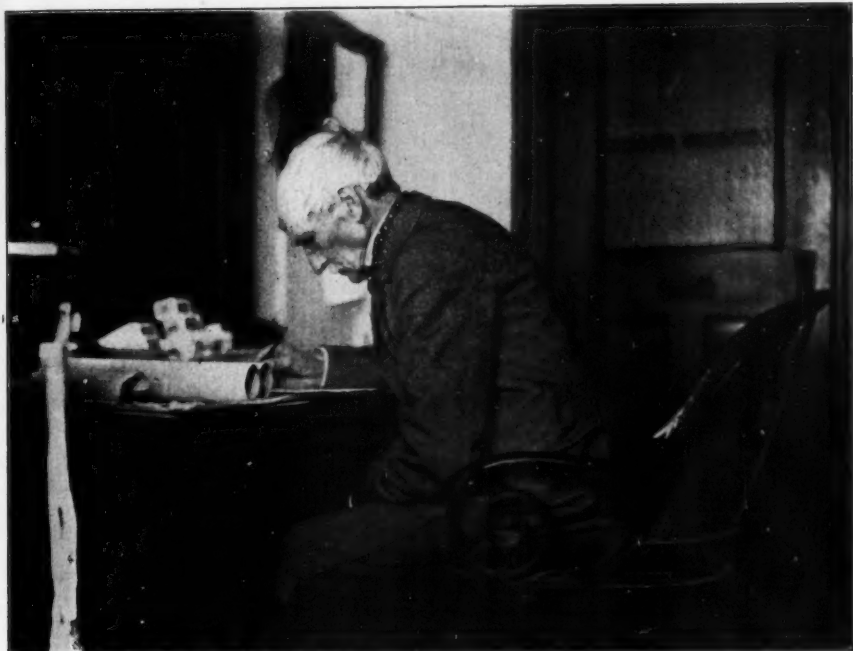


MR. CHARLES DWYER  
EDITOR OF THE DELINEATOR



MR. PERRITON MAXWELL  
EDITOR OF THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE





Photographed for THE READER by W. M. Vander Weyde  
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MR. CHARLES H. HASWELL

THE OLDEST LIVING AUTHOR IN AMERICA

THE subject of the above photograph is the oldest living author in America. He is 94 years "young," and in referring to Mr. Haswell "young" is certainly no misnomer. Mr. Haswell is an engineer for the city of New York, and every week day of the year may be found at work at his desk in the City Hall.

In addition to being the oldest of American authors, Mr. Haswell is also the oldest living engineer. His has been a most interesting life, and he has played prominent parts in many of the unwritten chapters of American history. At ninety-four he is as active and energetic as most young men of a quarter that age, and he bids fair to reach the century year-post just as active and energetic as he is in his present "youth."

ONE of the important characters in Stewart Edward White's forthcoming book, "The Forest," which The Outlook Company will publish, is Deuce, Mr. White's black and white setter, who has long been his constant companion on all kinds of exploring trips. Mr. White writes to his publishers that Deuce has made his last trip. He says:

"We crossed the Kern alkali desert; the day turned out the worst in ten years. My two companions and myself gave him all our shares of water as well as his own; we carried him in front of our saddles; we even walked afoot carrying him in our saddle-blanket. In this way we got him to a cottonwood tree and a little muddy water. The others then pushed on with all the horses. I stayed with the dog





Photographed for THE READER by W. M. Vander Weyde

OFFICE OF "THE SPECTATOR," COLUMBIA COLLEGE

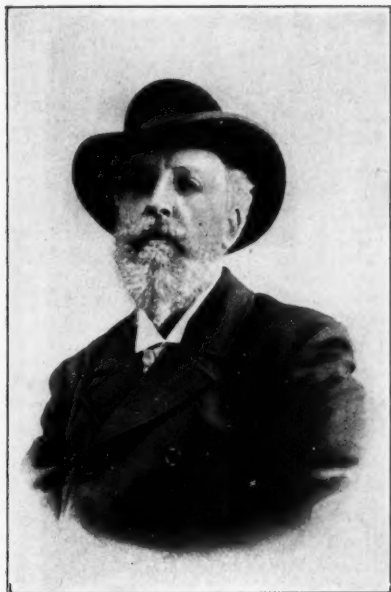
and did all I could for him, but it was no use. The others pushed on to a water-tank. There R—— fell from his horse, and T—— was done up. I lay flat under a bush for three hours until R—— got back with water. You can get some idea of the heat from the fact that the brass buckle on my belt, *even in the shade*, got so hot I could barely touch it.

"Poor Deuce! he was game to the end. He was pluckier, had more intelligence, faithfulness, and affection than most men are capable of. In the dog heaven he must be in the best of it, pointing partridge and quail without number, romping in the surf, climbing the trails, as he loved. But I know he misses the pat of my hand."

The Macmillan Company announce "The Magic Forest," by the same author, which shows an unfortunate similarity of titles.

THE college newspaper has in these days become an important feature of university life, and belongs to the established order of daily events in all these educational centres. Not only is this true of the universities for men, but also of those for the fair sex. Such a paper naturally contains little else than the news of the institution itself, of the contests in which the athletic teams take part, of the anticipated plans, of coming collegiate events, notes and gossip of the class-rooms, etc. But it is always an interesting publication even to those of the outside world.

The editorial rooms of the college paper present a very busy scene an hour before going to press. Such is the picture given herewith: the Columbia boys hard at work preparing the next morning's issue of "The Columbia Spectator."



HOLGER DRACHMANN



A DRACHMANN TYPE OF THE SKAW

**H**OLGER Drachmann, whose portrait is reproduced above, stands preëminent not alone by his literary worth, but as practically the foremost of the inaugurators of a new literary epoch in his own country. In the first half of the nineteenth century Danish literature had ranked high, but in 1870 it had dwindled to nothingness, until, in 1872, this writer published his first volume of poems, which was the foreshadowing note of his extraordinary productivity as poet, dramatist and novelist.

At that time the new school of which Georg Brandes was leader had chosen as its key-note, "Literature to be of significance should discuss problems," and had designated Drachmann as one of these men of a new era; but, considering his voluminous work as a whole, this seems a misnomer, for his is a finely sympathetic pen above all, never a problematical one. Also his temperament is distinctly lyric, and his

lyric work shows greater and more sustained power than do either his novels or his dramas.

On October 10, 1896, his fiftieth birthday and his twenty-fifth "Author-Jubilee," as the Danes call it, was celebrated in Hamburg. Two of his plays were given in honor of the occasion, one at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen, the other at the Stadt Theatre in Altona. The following stanza is taken from his charming northern idyll, "Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone":

Shifteth the wind like the human minds  
While the strand remaineth fast.  
Though beaten by billows wild and blind  
The vessel drifts on before wave and wind,  
Yet my sailor is known to me.  
Thou sailor afloat on the ocean vast,  
Oh, wert thou adrift on a broken mast,  
I would save thee from out the sea.

# Morning in the Hills

BY BLISS CARMAN

HOW quiet is the morning in the hills!  
The stealthy shadows of the summer clouds  
Trail through the canyon, and the mountain stream  
Sounds his sonorous music far below  
In the deep-wooded wind-enchanted clove.

Hemlock and aspen, chestnut, beech, and fir  
Go tiering down from storm-worn crest and ledge,  
While in the hollows of the dark ravine  
See the red road emerge, then disappear  
Towards the wide plain and fertile valley lands.

My forest cabin half-way up the glen  
Is solitary, save for one wise thrush,  
The sound of falling water, and the wind  
Mysteriously conversing with the leaves.

Here I abide unvisited by doubt,  
Dreaming of far-off turmoil and despair,  
The race of men and love and fleeting time,  
What life may be, or beauty, caught and held  
For a brief moment at eternal poise.

What impulse now shall quicken and make live  
This outward semblance and this inward self?  
One breath of being fills the bubble world,  
Colored and frail, with fleeting change on change.

Surely some God contrived so fair a thing  
In the vast leisure of uncounted days,  
And touched it with the breath of living joy,  
Wondrous and fair and wise! It must be so.

# The Under World in Books

BY JOSIAH FLYNT

IT has been contended by certain critics that books about the Under World are, in the main, a nuisance. Those who hold to this opinion maintain that such writings make for evil rather than for that which elevates and beautifies. Only recently, in one of the public prints, an editorial writer was moved to use his pen very forcibly against the literary exploitation of the Under World. He claimed that the Upper World is full of so much more interesting material, that the general reading public can well afford to dispense with writings about outlaws, tramps and criminals. It is not the purpose of the present article to combat or to defend this notion. It is my personal belief that as long as thieves, harlots and vagabonds live among us books concerning them, scientific as well as fictitious, will be written, printed and read. Some of the publications of this character have interested me; primarily because I have personally known many of the people with whom they deal, and also because a few that I have seen have been written by men who were literary experts, able to make artistic use of their material. It is not difficult to understand how those who feel that they have no acquaintance with evil and crime cannot take an interest in descriptions of their various manifestations; but there is a world of outlawry which is quite as full of things to learn, understand, and perhaps better, as is the other world in which apparently there is no guile.

I

It is impossible in a short paper to give anything more than a cursory glance at the mass of books which attempt to portray life in the Under World. Consequently, I have deemed it best to confine my remarks to a few of the books which have particularly instructed me, selecting as far as possible those which are not unknown to the Under World itself. All outcasts are not illiterate; the majority of those that I know can not only read, spell and write, but some among them have been moved to literary production. They keep track of what is said and written about them much more closely than is supposed. Some years ago, while a series of articles of mine was running in "The Century Magazine," a tramp, browsing at the time in Texas, sent me a closely written fourteen-page letter by way of criticism. Barring a few slight slips in grammar, it was a very creditable piece of writing, and it is a cause of regret to me that the letter sent in reply never found the man. What became of him no one can tell. Perhaps he had to go to jail, perhaps he got tired of waiting for my reply, and then again perhaps he died. An editorial office would have hard work keeping in touch with hobo-contributors, even though checks were due them.

Speaking generally, men and women who are *professionally* in the Under World are almost always dissatisfied with what is written about them. They

think of a thousand little details which are missing in the book, and which seem to them essential to give a true picture. One of the most illuminating autobiographies that have been written in this country is that of Langdon W. Moore, the bank burglar and forger. It is illuminating because up to the date of its publication (1893) no such authentic statement of American criminal methods had as yet appeared; none better has since been given to the public. But what does the Under World have to say about Moore and his book? That the story is interesting enough for those who are on the outside, but that Moore, if he really meant to "cough," to give his life in full, should have written half a dozen more volumes. In other words, those who know the man and his "work" feel that he failed to give a faithful account of himself. Similar criticism is made of another remarkable autobiography of recent times—Austin Bidwell's reminiscences. Bidwell is known in the Under World as "the Bank of England thief," and is popularly credited with having swindled that institution out of a million dollars, not counting smaller sums reaching into the hundreds of thousands filched from other banking concerns. He was not personally known to many of the criminal gentry of the present generation, but those who remember him declare that a man of his parts should have written a far better book. I once met Bidwell in Chicago. It was not long after his release from prison—he served twenty years out of a life sentence—and he was struggling with the Illinois laws in the interests of a "trolley patent," as he termed it. When not puzzling with the intricacies of the patent requirements, he peddled his book from office to office. We lunched together, one day, spending over two hours discussing things criminal and literary. He finally suggested that his book ought to be in my library.

I delicately but firmly refused to buy it. "I'll lend you the two dollars, however," I added.

"No, thanks," he returned proudly. "Perhaps the next time we meet I'll be able to lend you money." Bidwell died some time afterward in distress. The reason I did not buy his book was that during the two hours personal contact with him, he gave me more than he could put into two such books as the one he published. He called the book "From Wall Street to Newgate via the Primrose Way." Its aim was to show that crime does not pay. Moore also lays claim to this distinction for his work; so does the hero in Mr. Hutchins Hapgood's lately published "The Autobiography of a Thief." Yet there is something defiant and exultant in all three; the authors take an obvious pride in recounting their exploits; Bidwell fairly beamed when describing personally to me some of his adventures. This is a quality which I have encountered in nearly all books about the Under World, written by ex-members thereof. Take Cellini and Casanova, for instance. They may not have been Under World denizens in the sense that Moore and Bidwell were, but they were very sympathetic investigators of it. Like Moore and Bidwell, they were full of conceit, and told with vanity of escapades in which they drew out winners. Of the men who have written openly of this under side of life Oscar Wilde occurs to me as one of the very few who have confined their reports to sad and, as I think, sincere, regret. Lombroso finds in the exultant note in criminal autobiographies another contribution to his all-embracing theory of degeneracy. It may be that he is right. It seems to me equally rational, however, to affirm that the exultant note is the sincere expression of men who would return to crime were they not convinced that they had made a commercial failure of it. I cannot see how

*per se* it stands for degeneracy. Bidwell was no more a "reformed man" than is any pickpocket operating on the Bowery at this moment—he took pains in Chicago to make this fact plain to me. He also failed to impress me as a degenerate. He was simply a pseudo-literary criminal, who, when he came to tell his story, thought it best for the selling purposes of his book, to preface his account of himself with a little sermon to beginners in the business.

There is very little of value that the tramp has written about himself. Not long since I spent several days in the British Museum looking up personal records of thieves and tramps. In the thirty-four miles of book-shelves, which the library is said to contain, there were only a few books of interest by criminals, and none that I cared for by a tramp. Hundreds, aye, thousands of books and articles by "outsiders," Upper World writers, but unfortunately for my quest, very little indeed that could be called first-hand information. The tramp, who wrote me from Texas, promised in his letter that, if he lived long enough, he would write his autobiography, in which he would "tell about the hobo as he is and was, how he came into American life, and what ought to be done with him." The book has not yet come to light. A year or so ago a book, called "The Autobiography of a Tramp," was published, and strangely enough the author's name was the same as that of my Texas correspondent; but a perusal of the book was sufficient to convince me that the two men were not identical. Besides, the autobiography pertained more to gipsies than to tramps, as they are understood in America.

It may not be inappropriate to tell what the tramps have had to say about my own confessions and reports.

In general, they believe I am honest in claiming to have been a road-

ster, but they pick flaws of one kind or other in nearly all of the descriptions and stories. The Texan, for instance, found fault with certain illustrations; another declared that some of the slang terms were misused; and still others have expressed their disapproval of the manner of writing, the selection of anecdotes, the division of the material, the inadequacy of the reports, and, most important of all to them, the impropriety of an "ex-bo" giving away what he had learned while in the "profession." The Under World takes delight in reading about itself if the story sounds true to life, but it hates to have the author say that he wots whereof he writes because he has been through the mill. This is treason, it matters not whether the confessor says that he was a "sociologist" in search of enlightenment, or a bona-fide fellow "professional." The Under World loves to throw a veil of secrecy over its performances; this veil lifted by an Under World representative, it feels that it has been most despicably betrayed. Moore, Bidwell, the hero in Mr. Hapgood's book, in fact any man who "squeals," becomes an outcast to the Under World.

The criticisms which I have personally heard concerning my own writings have been gathered either in lodging-houses or around hang-out camp-fires, the critics being utterly unconscious that they had in their presenece the poor writer whom they were "hammering."

## II

Concerning Upper World books on the Under World an interesting volume of criticism might be written. A good long chapter could be devoted exclusively to what the Under World knows and thinks of such books. In spite of the fact that the thief and the vagabond have exercised great restraint in



committing themselves on paper, they have not been backward in reading what their betters have had to say about them. Everybody seems to like to know how he "frames up" in the eyes of others; books about Americans by foreigners, for example, if they are well recommended, generally sell much better than do similar collections of observations by native writers. It is more or less the same with the criminal and the tramp; they like to learn what the "greenies," as the Upper World observers are sometimes called, have managed to pick up in the way of actual fact. Consequently, when not too busily engaged in professional duties, they are likely to read anything which pertains interestingly to their life. Their greatest leisure is found in prison, and it is here that they do the greater part of their reading. It would interest writers on Under World things to eavesdrop at the cell-doors while the inmates mumble running comments on their books. The remarks are seldom delicate, whether commendatory or otherwise, but they are often charged with a great deal of wisdom and insight.

Although he is as yet comparatively unknown to the Anglo-Saxon Under World, the writer who at the present moment seems to me to get quickest at the heart of the Under World he knows, is Maxim Gorky. As I have been a tramp and wanderer in Russia, it is possible for me to say this from the Under World point of view, as it were. The American thief and tramp would probably not understand him; the conditions he portrays are utterly foreign to those in which they live; but there is no one writing about contemporaneous Anglo-Saxon conditions, who can in so few words make the reader see the "real thing" stripped bare of all encumbrances. I do not know what the Russian tramps think of Gorky; it is possible that they have never heard his

name; but a number have read Tolstoi, and the probability is that some also know Gorky. It is sometimes suspected that Gorky exaggerates his situations, that his characters are made unnaturally hideous and depraved. In 1897 I was the witness of a scene in St. Petersburg which was as harrowing and revolting as any description I have run across in Gorky's writings. The place was a lodging-house called "The Monastery," a collection of two-storied buildings enclosed in a plot of ground about as large as a baseball diamond. The time was at night. The *dramatis personæ* were 14,000 men, women and children, packed together like sticky fish in the filthy rooms of the five buildings. Some were dressed, others lay naked; some were asleep, others were brawling; some were dying of loathsome diseases, others seemed to grow fat in the stench—over all of them there hung in each room dim lights which printed ghastly patterns on the walls. One of the first men I talked with was the wayward grandson of a Russian Tsar by a morganatic marriage; he offered to kiss a red-hot coal for the price of a drink. One of the most depraved of the women had at one time belonged to St. Petersburg's aristocracy. Both fitted into the scene as if they had always belonged to it. Pretty soon some detectives came in, and passports were inspected. Fifty odd men and women with matted hair and tattered clothes were discovered to be runaways from their villages. They were ordered into line, and told to "march." Then the great gates were closed again, and the 13,950 remaining wretches were at liberty to resume their dozing, drinking and brawling.

In England and the United States the most numerous Under World books are the so-called detective stories. Of these there are almost as many varieties as there are books. The thief and the tramp laugh at nearly all of them;



they find them untrue and silly. Mr. Allan Pinkerton turned out a large number, but even his name and fame failed to win favor for his publications in the Under World proper. The characters of Dickens and Bret Harte, sentimental and unreal as many of them are, awaken greater interest in the Under World than do the detective tales which are supposed to follow the "real thing" so much more closely. The fact is that if he cannot find the "real thing" in a book, be it fiction or alleged statement of fact, the thief enjoys himself more reading a purely imaginative account of himself. His greatest delight in recent times is a book which "shows up" something about his world, one however that puts him in a favorable, and the police in an unfavorable, light. Langdon W. Moore's book, which was full of substantiated charges against the police, helped to create this demand, and the newspaper revelations of corruption have assisted materially in keeping it alive. The men and women who compose the Under World of to-day are hard, matter-of-fact human beings. If you wish to sell them a book about themselves, or if you desire that they commend such a book, it must be boiled down to indisputable truth in case it is purely descriptive, and it must jump from one exciting incident to another provided it is a story. To my way of thinking, the tramp scene in Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper," the retreat of the banished in Bret Harte's "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and Stephen Crane's "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets," merely to take these examples, are sufficiently near to the "real thing" to be above criticism in this particular, yet the Under World would feel moved to pick flaws in all of them. The trouble in all writing which concerns the under dog is that he almost never feels that he has received his due, whether it be

for his virtues or deviltries. Time and again I have submitted a man's own statement about himself for his correction after writing it out, and each time there was something he wanted changed. Now it was a scene in which he thought he had not been given his full part, again it was a confession in which he felt that he had said too much, and then again it was a charge against a pal which he did not think had been made strong enough.

And yet, when all is said and done, there are members of the Under World who are most competent critics of books which touch on their peculiar existence. They cannot always appreciate delicate literary workmanship, but they have unerring judgment in passing upon the plausibility of the material with which the delicate workman has made his book.

### III

It may be thought that in the foregoing, the conception of the Under World has been too narrow, that greater emphasis should have been laid on the books of men like Defoe, Thackeray, Dickens, Tolstoi, Zola, George Moore and Kipling. It is true that these writers have touched on what is often called the Under World with masterly success so far as the general public is concerned; but I have thought it best to consider the class of books with which the Under World itself is most concerned.

Now, what is the Under World? Popularly speaking, it is an undefined territory, frequently bordering very close on the confines of the Upper World, inhabited by all kinds of "shady" characters, and given over to a life of shame and deviltry. The "Tenderloin" in New York pretty accurately represents what the average person thinks of when the Under World

is mentioned. He conceives of it as a brilliantly lighted district peopled by policemen, detectives, loose women, gamblers, touts, a few thieves, and "men about town" who pay the other inhabitants a certain sum for being amused. This is not the Under World I had in mind when beginning this article. Consequently, it did not seem to the purpose to dwell on books which only imperfectly treated of the men and women in question. Moore's book

is the best in this country as an *exposé* of the real Under World as the professional harlot, thief and tramp know it. No one, as yet, has succeeded in writing a first-class novel about these characters. That they are worthy of careful literary treatment, however, I think every one, who has known them well, will agree. When the right man tackles the subject the book will be a valuable contribution to literature in general.

## TO R. L. S.

BY HENRY JOHNSTONE

O GALLANT heart and gallant pen,  
 Rich nature, finely strung,  
 A child with children, man with men,  
 Endear'd to old and young.

Your love, embracing all mankind,  
 Your hate and scorn of wrong—  
 Where may we hope their match to find,  
 Though late we search and long?

Until your life, a rounded whole,  
 Went downward into dust,  
 You never doft your singing-stole,  
 Nor falsified our trust.

Sleep well: about your resting-grave  
 The winds are breathing free,  
 While far below, in wave on wave,  
 Breaks your beloved sea.

# Seeing Literary New York

BY HENRY TYRRELL

THE "Seeing Literary New York" tallyho-omnibus starts at convenient hours from the Flat-iron Building, opposite the offices of THE READER, and makes several trips daily. At one end of the capacious coach is mounted the guard, who sounds a trumpet resembling that of Fame. At the other end, Professor Harry Thurston Peck stands facing the passengers, and shouts through a megaphone his running descriptive lecture upon the curious and novel sights encountered in quick succession. The Professor is not, of course, obliged to do this for a living; but, as is commonly understood, he finds it a convenient means of combining an influential and profitable occupation with unrivalled opportunities to gather material for the book that, undoubtedly, will be his chef-d'œuvre—his elaborate history of "The World of Literary Graft."

On a recent occasion, an unusually large number of provincial celebrities made the rounds in conjunction, the passenger-list of a single vehicle including: Mary MacLane, of Butte City, Montana; Rufus Coonsong, the renowned Afro-American poet and graduate of Tuskegee, who was recently fêted in Boston and presented with a gold toothpick; Arthur Stirling, the inspired motorman; Alkali Pete, the poet-scout from Bitter Creek; the anonymous writer of "The MS. Found in a Red Box"; G. Eberle Gross, of

Chicago, author of "Cyrano de Rubberneck"; Linsey Woolsey, of Kentucky, who began his literary career by killing a cat for ten cents wherewith to buy manuscript-paper and return postage-stamps; Charlie Gong, the laureate of Chinatown; the editor of the Tombstone (Ariz.) "Epitaph"; and a tramp from Princeton, N. J., who a few years ago disguised himself as a gentleman, and, after sojourning unsuspected at Newport, Lenox and Tuxedo, produced that sensational series of papers in "Scribbler's Magazine" entitled "Automobiling with Millionaires." There were also aboard an invalid Philadelphian, convalescent from locomotor ataxia; a Boston lady specialist in bean culture; and three co-eds, in bifurcated skirts, from the University of Chicago.

The guard winded his horn; and the coach, a veritable Parnassus on wheels, tooled merrily up the Avenue, the admiration of all pedestrians. The Professor began by pointing out the offices of the various reviews and encyclopædias with which he was editorially associated; the site of the Tilden Library, which is going to be built; and the Lenox Library, which was built long ago, but not opened to the public until after people had forgotten all about it, and what nature of an institution it was intended to be.

"Are there no other public libraries in New York?" inquired the lady from Boston.

"Oh, yes," megaphoned the Professor. "There is the Astor."

"For what is that distinguished, if I may ask?"

"Why, it is one of the few libraries on this continent that Andrew Carnegie did not present, with a string to it."

They turned into Central Park, where the annual Editorial Games happened to be in progress. The programme included short-story contests, chasing the greased celebrity, lifting heavy articles, and a grand competitive log-rolling drill between companies of ten-cent and twenty-five-cent magaziners, respectively. The latter event resulted in a draw.

Alkali Pete, carried away by the excitement of the greased-celebrity chase, unwound a lasso from his waist, and tried to rope in Richard Harding Davis; but, although Pete's throw was unerring in its precision, and the lasso's loop of generous circumference, the head of the novelist-correspondent was too large for the lariat to slip over.

The sight of a sad-eyed man standing dejectedly under a weeping willow, cast a momentary gloom over the party. They murmured various surmises as to the nature of his affliction; no one recognized the once irrepressible, but now Harveyized, humorist, Mark Twain.

A lone creature with long hair, a literary stoop and a hyphenated name, was observed, first riding a wooden giraffe in the carousel, and a little later feeding green trading-stamps to the ostriches of the Zoo inclosure. The Professor identified him as an eminent naturalist-author, who had made all the studies for his "Life-Story of a Wombat," "The Wariness of Wiki the Cassowary," and other popular unnatural-history serials, right here in Central Park.

The tallyho now emerged from the city's playground, and steered downtown-wards, *via* Broadway. Here Ar-

thur Stirling pointed out car No. 41144 as the identical one on which he had escaped arrest as a fake motorman, whilst studying Greek roots and planning to commit suicide, from which he was unfortunately prevented.

One of the Chicago co-eds asked at what time and place the poets of Manhattan were wont to foregather, so that they might be viewed *en masse*.

"Well," the Professor replied, after a moment's reflection, "you will probably find them all in the Bread Line which forms in front of Fleischman's bakery shortly before midnight."

It was the Arizona editor who suggested a visit to the famous dramaticurgical clinic of Dr. Edward E. Rose, whose "bloodless" operations upon historical and other novels, turning them into a kind of play, are the wonder and admiration of modern pseudo-literary science. The Professor having procured a general pass from Charles Frohman, the whole party of sight-seers descended from the coach and entered the amphitheatre on the Rialto. Dr. Rose was operating upon one of the best-selling novels of the week. Seizing the unhappy book by both covers, he turned it inside-out, wrenched the chapters apart, kneaded the characters, and twisted the incidents about mercilessly, until the story was unrecognizable, save for its title. Then he set it upon the boards of a theatre, and, lo! the poor thing feebly walked—though it was only too apparent that it could never hope to run.

After this greswome spectacle, the visitors unanimously seconded Rufus Coonsong's proposition that they should invade Thompson Street and Minetta Lane, in search of local color. They found it there, in rich abundance. One little incident, which the Princeton hobo-professor pronounced delightfully characteristic, was the dropping of a red-hot stove out of a fourth-story window upon the head of a policeman

who was trying to separate two bad negroes engaged in slashing each other with razors. The fashionable colored season being at its height, Mr. Coonsong decided to stop over in Minetta Lane, with a view to gathering data for his article upon "The Watermelon Trust," commissioned by "McHootmon's Magazine."

Charlie Gong now put in claims for the Bowery as being in logical order the next attraction to do; so the tallyho tacked off on an easterly course. On the way over they passed a house where, the Professor declared, Laura Jean Libbey used to board. Mr. Gross said: "If that house were in Chicago, we'd have it properly marked with a tablet and removed bodily to Lincoln Park. Laura Jean is a gifted writer, and I'll take off my hat to her, even though she did plagiarize some scenes from my 'Merchant Prince of Cornville.'"

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined Mary MacLane, "she's not so warm. I could show you a dozen places out in Butte where I used to live. It's cheaper to move than to pay rent. That's my creed. Do you know, I find New York too easy. The editor of the "World," for instance, appreciates my writings as even I never thought of doing myself; and he has just endowed a \$2,000,000 school of journalism at Columbia University, to propagate the MacLane idea. I guess I'm It, in spite of myself.—Have an olive?" she added, genially, taking a handful from the bouffant of her shirt-waist and distributing them around.

When they reached the Bowery, several of the party who had read "Chimmie Fadden" addressed a policeman in the familiar East Side dialect of that hero, asking directions. The officer looked puzzled and shook his head, making no response. He thought they were crazy foreigners. Arthur Stirling, Alkali Pete, the Princetonian

tramp, the Tombstone editor, and Miss MacLane separated themselves from the excursion here, in order to visit McGurk's. They had no idea of what they were about to miss.

"We have reserved until the last," intoned the megaphone guide, "the most interesting sight of all—that grand and noble institution, the New York Asylum for the Inane. It was primarily endowed by the millionaire publisher of a *soi-disant* 'home' periodical, pseudo-religious in character, who died repentant, and left his colossal fortune for the founding of a sanitarium where unfortunate writers who had been driven to inanity under his *régime* might be cared for and nursed back to mental vigor."

"What are the qualifications for admission?" asked Linsey Woolsey, the cat-slaying idyllist from Kentucky, of the Professor.

"Oh, they are strict, on account of the excessive number of applications. One of the principal requirements is that the patient shall have had at least one 'humorous' anecdote or poem published in the Editor's Drawer of 'Harper's Magazine.'"

As they left the coach and entered the arid, treeless yard surrounding the huge drab building, a clerical-looking gentleman was noticed furtively leaving the place.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" cried the author of the Manuscript in the Red Box, "or is that the Rev. Henry Van Dyke?"

"Yes, it is Mr. Van Dyke," the guide admitted. "But he is not an inmate of the Asylum—he simply acts as chaplain."

The polite Superintendent met the party at the door, and they were left in his charge by the wise megaphonist who went off with the vehicle to get another load of sightseers.

The invalid Philadelphian wanted to know if it was perfectly safe thus to



stroll through the wards and mingle with the inaniacs.

"There is absolutely no danger," the Superintendent assured him, "other than that of being bored to death. I must tell you," he continued, "that while our patients themselves have no objection to publicity, we make it a rule not to point them out individually, nor introduce them by name."

These patients, most of them to all appearance in perfect health and normal disposition, had the entire freedom of the place. They played croquet and ping-pong, sat at the card-tables over such harmless games as casino and hearts and solitaire, or guessed easy rebuses, conundrums and riddles. They also enjoyed the range of a library of innocuous fiction and wholesome philosophy, selected (as well as, in part, written) and presented by Andrew Carnegie. The gentleman with locomotor ataxia said:

"I could swear I recognize a number of familiar faces here, though I can't name them."

"No doubt," replied the Superintendent. "We have a large representation of Philadelphians here. That may be due to the fact that our most celebrated cure was the case of a man who came here a wreck after three years on the 'Ladies' Chrome Journal,' and in six months was entirely restored, so that he was able to secure a position on a metropolitan yellow journal."

"What is that poor fellow writing, I wonder?" ventured the lady from Boston, peering over her eyeglasses at an anæmic person who sat complacently clicking off verses at a type-writing machine.

"Ask him—he won't mind."

The poet, in fact, was eager to show

his stanzas, one of which ran as follows:

" 'I was with Bok,' the writer said.

Quoth the doctor, 'Say no more.  
With Mellin's food you shall be fed,  
And mush-and-milk galore.' "

"Doctor," said Mr. Gross, of Chicago, "I don't wish to violate your rules and regulations,—but I have read 'Eben Holden' and 'Darrel,' and am very desirous of meeting the author of those books. Somehow, I feel as if he must be here. Is he now?"

The Superintendent smiled indulgently.

"You are right," he answered, "Mr. Bacheller certainly belongs in this sanitarium. But he isn't here—as yet. I don't mind telling you, that on three separate occasions his friends have tried to bring him in and failed each time. He is very cunning and always contrives to escape before we can get him safely inside the doors."

The entire day might profitably have been spent in this snug harbor of the dull, with its infinite manifestations of the deadly workings of the commonplace in the human mind. But the dinner-bell rang. Method, rote and regularity are the gods of the unhappy inane. The visitors must depart.

As they filed out, and the iron doors clanked behind them, the three co-eds turned suddenly and made one last, combined assault of interrogation:

"Tell us," they demanded—"is it not true that Mary Baker Eddy and Henry James are your star patients?"

"No, my dear young ladies," answered the Superintendent, decisively. "You are under a misapprehension. We do not take incurables."

# Ephemeris

*A Metaphysical Fantasy*

BY JOHN J. a' BECKET

ONE forenoon of May, at the Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park in New York City, there came to pass as marvelous an event as any that has happened since the Earth cooled.

The day had dawned, or had struggled violently to do so, through mists and winds raw enough to congeal the marrow of one's spine. But on the stroke of ten, by a violent change that seemed to exhaust the possibilities even of the American climate, the temperature leaped from the crippling chill of its matin heaviness into a seething heat. The air had snapped electrically with the cold. It now bubbled with fierce incalescence.

Very soon after this violent change, two Beings, as antipodal in everything but essentials as New York human kind could present, were about to pass each other at this entrance to the Park. The one was an Alderman, approaching his fifth decade, a burly mass of strong, well-fed, arrogant animality. The other was a slender, etiolated, ill-dressed Poet. The stalwart Alderman, whose fancy took no higher flight than scheming for the incorporation of a surface road, was the embodiment of Brute Force. The fragile Verse-maker, who never skirted the practical closely save when a gnawing hunger forced him to think of a meal, was the personification of Idealism.

The paralyzing change of weather was so terrific a juggling with climatic extremes that it fairly loosened their personalities. Each made an instinctive movement looking to relief. The robust Alderman flung the coat back from his fifty-eight-inch chest and charged toward a hansom. The panting Bard clutched the lapels of his frayed coat and headed blindly for a Park bench, where he could wilt at ease.

Fate willed that at this solvent moment they should collide. The skulls of the two clashed together with a thud that startled a plethoric robin on the sward into an interrogative jump and puckered the stolid disk of a Park Policeman's face into grotesquer unintelligence.

Then occurred the Marvel! The acute pain of that lusty impact caused their shaken personalities to converge into a vitalizing energy which, for the swift instant, extracorporalized them as spheres of the most subtle matter, each dominated by an overmastering resentment against the other as author of its suffering.

The spiritual onset of the essences of the two, and the relations of Activity and Passivity corresponding to their respective natures resulted in a concrete precipitation of those blending psychic and material energies, and, like the Devil's own parody of Man's creation,



there was projected into the World a Unique Being, as logical as It was unparalleled.

As the unwitting progenitors, through reaction, rallied to a resumption of their briefly extravagated personalities, the Alderman swore a ripping Bowery oath, the Poet heaved a bewildered sigh. Then they went their ways, thereby making Orphan the exquisite Creature, who, through them, had had existence so incongruously thrust upon him.

This Phenomenon—in appearance, a Young Man—shot into being by a process analogous (though infinitely more occult) to that which combines oxygen and hydrogen into water by the passage of the electric spark, stood in violet-eyed wonder at the Universe with which he found himself so brusquely confronted.

He was as graceful as the Faun of Praxiteles, as elegantly virile as the Apollo Belvidere, as radiant as the sunrise.

Composed as he was of aggressive Force and Matter even more subtle than the Luminiferous Ether, it was necessary that he should be possessed of a phenomenally quick and comprehensive Intellect. He arrived at the knowledge of his Ego as quickly as Des Cartes could have wished. But even after this evolution into Selfhood, in point of positive information or perception of abstract truth, his mind was almost a *tabula rasa*. In power and perfection his faculties, both mental and corporal, were fully developed: but he was in utter ignorance of what those powers were, and as to exercise of them, he had had none whatever. He had never known what it was to remember, and in his first swift assimilation of things there lacked all coördination. His resolution of the Objective into the non-Ego—a rapid consequence of his perception of Self—had a tension of mentality in it that

must have made the brief moment seem to him like years. After realizing that he was absorbing by his consciousness things which were not Himself, being still witless of their relations to him or to one another, he stood spell-bound in the beauty and innocence of a celestial idiot. Configuration and color were the only ken he had of visible objects. Sounds smote his ear, but he could neither locate nor at all account for them. The soft rumble of a passing Victoria with a fat dowager in it might have come from the sap coursing through the trees, so far as his discrimination went.

It is difficult to conceive, almost impossible to describe, the emotions with which this maiden touch of the Universe thrilled one so primordial, who, projected this instant from nothing, now felt the World, in all its bewildering beauty, pouring in upon his full-fledged powers! Then, the swift instinctive disentangling of himself from his varying perceptions as the mysterious centre of modifications which were not He, but only modes of his interpenetrated Ego! There was fascination in it akin to terror, a delight that almost hurt. Such a whirl of sensations accompanied by abysmal ignorance!

But in his nature there was nothing that was not sweet, clean, fearless and exalted. None of the moral or physical shortcomings which heredity, contact with the world or the pursuit of low ideals engender in mortals had any place in this flawless being, susceptible of every emotionality of human kind.

His eager, guileless soul pulsed with the beauty of it all. The rhythmic flow of color, the lithe branches of the elms swaying languidly against the tingling blue of the sky: the mettlesome action of the sleek horses that rushed by: the strange, shifting things, whose charm was so concentrated in their Tops!—all blended in a flood of

emotion. There was not the dimmest suspicion in him that some of these entities were, in faint degree, analogues of himself. He did not know that he, too, had a Face, and that the small spots of moving color in the oval surfaces presented to him were mills that ground out unusual enjoyment from the contemplation of it. He did not know that he saw with his eyes, heard with his ears. When he raised his head and his nostrils delicately flared as they drank in rapture from the spring-time odors, it was only a spontaneous grasping at he knew not What, as he likewise knew not How.

After a little, he discovered that motion was an attribute of certain beings and not of others. As yet, he knew not which. Had the stately elms across the way drifted smoothly toward him he would have felt no surprise. So, too, had the drab thing in the carriage way turned over and walked upon its hands, waving its legs in the air, he would not have dreamed that well-seasoned mortals must needs regard this as disgusting eccentricity in a policeman! He concluded that the trees did not go anywhere, but just stayed. He also opined that the stiff coachmen on the boxes of the carriages were incapable of voluntary movement.

He next observed that things came into his field of vision which had not been there before, while others, that were in it, passed out of it. This led to a purely involuntary movement of his head. When he found that he could thus adapt himself to change of view he was charmed with so pleasant a gift for amplifying his range. With slow, tentative movement, he turned his head as far as he could in one direction, then as far as possible in the other. He found there was a limit to this torsion of his top. In fact, the experiments wrought a slight loss of equilibrium. To recover it, he instinctively put out his foot.

This suggested to him at once the possibility of pivotal movement on his extremities. He turned slowly round on them, then back. Enchanted again by this discovery he gyrated several times, then halted with a smile of child-like content on his chiseled lips.

Naturally, the spectacle of a startlingly handsome young man of superb physique whirling round on the asphalt in Central Park was calculated to excite attention. Two young women driving by regarded him with as much pity as surprise.

"What a shame!" cried one impulsively. "Such a fine-looking fellow drunk at this hour of the day."

So, too, thought a Park Policeman who was lounging about with repression in his eye. He stalked slowly up to the youth, and twirling his "locust," said gutturally: "Move on, young feller. Don't be blockin' up the way."

Ephemeris, for so it may behoove the historian of his career to style him, gazed upon him with the tenderest interest. Here was a fresh revelation. Some part of his non-Ego seemed to be establishing sympathetic relations with him. The happy smile still lingering on his lips, he surveyed with the most beaming, unabashed air this gratuitous acquaintance.

Then as he took in the small eyes, the red shiny nose, the pursed lips and the protuberant abdomen, so inadequately coerced by the tightly buttoned coat, a new emotion took possession of his soul, that of humor.

Still with the frank, winning look in his eyes, which were fixed with flattering attention on the guardian of the peace, Ephemeris burst into a rippling peal of laughter, as mellow as a bloodhound's bay and as joyous and unfettered as the spring song of a wren.

The policeman—knowing there was nothing about him that was funny!—regarded this as a piece of bravado and contempt. He kindled to slow wrath.

"G'wan, now," he exclaimed with husky harshness, and grasping Ephemeris by the shoulder gave him a shove. To the ordinary adult, taught by experience the tactics of a corrective recovery, there would have been in it nothing more upsetting than its display of municipal rudeness. But Ephemeris had no prescience of what "falling down" meant. Therefore, finding a seductive comfort in the yielding of his body imparted by the officer's push, he willingly surrendered himself to it without an effort to prevent his fall.

The solid impact of his well-knit frame on the hard asphalt stirred in him the first feeling his being had known that was ungrateful. His exquisite sensitiveness made him feel the pain of the shock with intensity. None of the trained stoicism that holds it an attribute of manliness to repress voluntary signs of suffering, especially in the face of onlookers, had place in Ephemeris. He uttered an untempered cry of anguish.

The policeman, confirmed in his opinion that the young man was a morning "drunk," viewed him as a particularly disagreeable one, since he drew attention to himself in every possible way. He gripped the youth by the collar as he sat ruefully pondering on his present dreadful state. Naturally Ephemeris, a full-grown man seated for the first time without any knowledge of how perpendicularity was to be attained, could poorly contribute to his own resurrection.

"Up wid ye, ye dhrunken thing, 'nd walk," said the policeman angrily, with an inciting tap from his club. Ephemeris gave vent to another wail, but chanced to pitch it in a different key. Prone as he was to beauty and joy he forgot his pain in the charm of this vocal revelation, and set to crooning softly other notes, like an Irish lady at a wake.

The officer's face flamed like a poppy at the persistent flouting of this inebricate. Gripping him by the shoulders with both hands, he fairly wrenched him to his feet, and by heroic control refrained from clubbing him on the spot.

"Now, march!" he said, breathing heavily. Ephemeris started off, with a tentative, uncertain gait at first, he was so unacquainted with the use of his legs. Irony of Fate! The first steps he ever took were toward a prison, he whose innocence language has no words to express!

But he mastered things, whether in the sphere of Thought or of Action with a quickness in keeping with his wondrous nature. After a few yards he stepped out with a free, springing stride that convinced the officer the youth had been "having fun" at his expense. Well, he would frighten him a little by pretending to take him to the "lock-up": though he felt it would be ridiculous to do so.

As Ephemeris marched buoyantly along under the wing of his captor keenly enjoying this freshly acquired accomplishment, he realized that the exercise of it put him constantly in varying relation with other objects. In deep study of the Categories of Space and Motion, he fixed his gaze in eager, but impersonal interest on something across the street, to note it recede from him through his own action. Here, too, the exhilaration of added knowledge brought a naïve smile to his expressive face.

Charmed despite himself by this sunny spectacle, the policeman followed the direction of his prisoner's gaze. With forced appreciation, his small eyes twinkled sullenly and he said, in bantering cynicism:

"You're not so full, are yez? Now, yez get off, and don't try any more foolin' wid me."

The object which Ephemeris had

fixed his eyes on only as an aid to empirical investigation was a trim *bonne* with a saucy white muslin cap. She was wheeling a perambulator with a pink sunshade beneath which dozed a pinker baby. It was a comely sight not without chastening influence on the gray-coat.

Ephemeris turned his ingenuous blue eyes, as limpid as sapphires, on the policeman wondering what should associate him with this comical Entity, when the one across there was much more to his taste. Several queries had formulated themselves in his rapidly working mind. One of them now bubbled from his heart under encouragement of the policeman's sympathetic phase, as a silvery globule darts to the surface of a spring.

"What am I?" he asked with plaintive simplicity.

"You're a dom fool. That's what I think," returned his mentor with a prompt decision that left nothing to be desired.

Ephemeris received this gracious information with an air of suave pensiveness. Explicit as it was, it did not fully meet his need.

"Where must I go?" he asked dreamily. The explosive reply to this question was as different from the orthodox statement of Man's Last End as it well could be. The policeman walked away after delivering it, twirling his club, as if compliance with his direction, given tersely in the imperative mood, involved divergence in their ways.

Ephemeris, who was affected by manner only aesthetically without any of the emotion due to moral connotation, took this reply in all seriousness. He hadn't the dimmest notion what or where "Hell" was, and he longed to be definitely informed thereon for his guidance. But the voice, look, bearing and stinging weapon of this gray creature all repelled him. Moreover, the

deeper but not more winning redness of his associate's face filled him with alarm.

So with a sense that the thing in gray had not quite fulfilled its promise of amusement, and, moreover, appeared to have lost interest in him, Ephemeris heaved a light sigh and turned his steps back to the Park, somewhat with the instinct of a "homing" pigeon. In that blandishing spot he might gather enlightenment which would determine his action.

He felt more confidence now that he had learned to move his head, and could employ facilely his natural media of locomotion. But the number, variety and stress of emotions experienced since he awoke to existence affected him with an unanalyzable sense of age. And he not an hour old! He had conscioused himself, so to speak, into the Isolation of Personality; he had throbbled to pleasure and shuddered at pain: he had glowed with the recreative sense of humor, and had warmed, through Humanity's innate yearning for society, even over this burlesque in gray, which he could not, for a moment, fancy had anything in common with himself. Lastly, he had run up against that interrogation point which meets the mind's eye of every human creature as Man looks into the Beyond to learn his Ultimate Term.

In view of his peculiar genesis it was pathetically strange that this blameless Being should so passionately crave to know Whence he was, What he was, Why he was and Whither he was tending. The more so, in that he felt could he but find congeners of himself, they would enlighten him.

As he returned to the Park one of those old men in whom jaunty vanity seeks to disguise a long-lost Youth was entering it. Bending his limpid gaze on this aged juvenile Ephemeris asked, with the sweetest humility despite a bald directness: "Where are *You* going?"

The thin lips puckered unbeautifully, and the washed-out eyes glared at him bitingly as the old man ambled on in silence.

A wave of pity swept over Ephemeris. This poor Thing could not speak! Did he have any interior impulses that made him wish to? If so, what a hard fate. How the thought and feeling within must chafe to escape.

It was tiresome and depressing to be entangled in such a mental labyrinth. He would stroll on and be happy, looking at the grateful verdure and the animated rolling objects in the broad brown stripe by the side of the path. Somebody might come up to him unsought and tell him these things. The gray thing had come up to him and told him others through no query of his.

So he wandered on, restored to bubbling content, with the hope that he might get to where he should go, just as he had found himself, by a spontaneous effort. He raised his beaming face as the air breathed upon it. These other creatures must be in his own case, for they looked at him even more intently than he did at them.

Finally, he came to where something of brownish hue covered with vines grew out of the green earth. People were sitting outside it at little four-legged stands. In front of it, on a lower plain, at the foot of a flight of stone steps, was one of those attractive mechanisms he had seen rolling along in the brown stripe. The low interior, with its dark blue velvet seats and foot-rests lured him "as doth the bee the new campanula's illuminate seclusion swung in air." Probably they stood around till somebody who wanted to go by that sort of motion took possession of one. Ephemeris knew that he did, and clambering in, lolled with childlike enjoyment on the soft cushions.

The spring imparted to the Victoria by his goodly weight caused the coach-

man to turn round his head. This thing on the box could move then! Perhaps it could talk?

"Go, go, go, go," cried Ephemeris joyously, pitching each "go" higher through mere exuberance.

"Get out of there. What are you after?" came from the thing on the box seat. It *could* talk!

Ephemeris experienced a mild sorrow over this repulse. He felt so comfortable. Why did not the pretty outfit roll away with him, as he had seen the like of it do with others? He felt regret, but no resentment at the loss of his coveted pleasure, as he got out pensively, but promptly. Obedience to authority was rooted in his very being, and the thing enthroned aloft evidently owned the whole turnout.

So far as he could behold himself he was like these others. Yet they had an air of being at home and with attachments which he lacked, and all were alike loth to give him one hint as to his proper course.

He must go on in unaccompanied yearning and get what solace he might from the lovely things that could neither move nor speak. They had soothed him from the start, unfaithfully.

He had not roamed far before he came to an exquisite flooring of the highest polish. It was the color of the blue above his head. Two or three graceful things, snowy white, moved along on it, how he could not imagine, unless they were serenely borne onward by some hidden force straight to where they should go. Happy things!

He sauntered down to the edge with the thought that if he walked forth upon it the same force might bear him away to his goal.

A graceful young tree stretched out above the gleaming expanse. Ephemeris leaned forward upon it and looked down. Oh, blessed chance! There below, gazing up at him, was the most



attractive being. Nothing that he had seen approached this dream of grace. An aureole of short, golden filaments crowned the radiant face with its clear tints of rose and white. The winning brilliancy of the two spots of kindling blue beneath the fair brow held him breathless by their soulful sympathy, and red, curved lips seemed trembling to words of welcome.

As he gazed pantingly on this transcendent vision, transfixed by its supreme comeliness, a faint smile dawned upon the mobile lips below while the growing friendliness in the lustrous eyes held captive the inmost soul of Ephemeris. He was lost in blissful ecstasy over the charm of this apparition, which far surpassed aught his fancy could have pictured, and his heart pulsed with passionate gratitude for the unmistakable kindness the other's mien and expression betrayed.

"Oh, my brother! Speak to me," he breathed beseechingly.

Even as he spoke, as if the same impulse swayed that other, his lips moved too: but Ephemeris could not hear their utterance. He stretched his free arm toward him in eager entreaty. Again, as if one principle of feeling and of action dominated the twain, the other reached an arm upward in a like eloquent gesture.

With a moan of delight, Ephemeris, conscious of nothing but that here at last was one who met him with full responsive trust and kinship, loosened his hold on the tree and stretched out hands of greeting to this brother of his soul.

But oh! what horror was this! His falling body shattered the lustrous floor into particles, exorcising the glorious being who had lured him; then he felt himself sinking, in cold depths, and something rushed into his mouth chokingly, as he shrieked aloud.

Two young fellows who were passing on the walk above ran down to the brink of the shining floor and, care-

fully refraining from stepping onto it, reached out, clutched Ephemeris and dragged him dripping to the bank.

He stood shivering and dazed, with an aching sorrow in his heart. His raiment clung to him now, and he could move his limbs only cloggingly. He looked down. It seemed to his agitated mind that he was dissolving away.

"Oh, hold me! Don't let me run away," he gasped shiveringly. "Why am I like this?" he cried despairingly.

"Darned if I know," said one of the fellows. The other observed with some contempt: "Why don't you wring yourself out?"

"I don't want to be wrung out. Unless you can tell me where I shall be wrung to," replied Ephemeris excitedly, with a burnt child's dread of fire. "And my friend? In there. How did I frighten him away, the only one who has known and cared for me? My brother! Why did you come only to forsake me?"

"Well, what do we get for yanking yer out o' de pond?" inquired the elder of the two brusquely.

"I do not know," replied Ephemeris simply. "I wish you would tell me where I am to get," he added wistfully.

"Come on, Bill," said the fellow to his companion. "We wasted our time pulling out that 'Chump.'"

They turned away after a look of disgust at the wet youth and started off. But Ephemeris was charged now with one single thought. Unasked, they had revealed what he was. "*Chump!*" The man had said "that chump" with distinctness and conviction. He took an impulsive step toward them and cried imploringly: "Before you go, tell me truly if I am a Chump."

"Is he a chump, Bill?" the elder exclaimed with a falling inflection and a rising contempt that insinuated there could be no doubt on that point.

"Yer bet yer sweet life he's a

chump," returned the other in vigorous assent. They slouched away, looking back now and then with jeering smiles.

Their tone, their manner, their conduct were those to which everybody treated him. There was no novelty in them now, no surprise. But they had unwonted bitterness for the poor youth after such glorious hopes from the gracious stranger who had seemed attracted to him, as star feels the influence of star, and whom he, by some inexplicable accident, had banished. The unkind left him. The one comforting friend he had put to flight. Was there to be no exit from this hopeless maze? At least, he had the supreme consolation of knowing at last what he was. He repeated to himself softly and with ingenuous pride: "I am a Chump." There was also solace in the thought that the finest being he had encountered, whose supreme worth was self-demonstrated, had shown more tender, true fellowship with him than had any. How had he routed him? That noble soul; his Brother. He must be a Chump, too.

He moved on dispiritedly. His wet garments hampered him, and he finally sat down on a bench in the sunshine. Through whatever reason, he found himself gradually recovering from the chill results of his endeavor to unite himself with the radiant one yonder.

Suddenly a young toddler in white flamboyant skirts and with a sunny growth around his top like that of him he had put to flight, tottered in front of him and showed his tiny white teeth in a trusting smile. Ephemeris yearned over this dimpling thing. He beamed upon it.

"Are you a Chump?" he asked cheerily. "I am a Chump," he added with sweet dignity. "Do you know where the Chumps go?"

The small chap listened with his rosy mouth wide open, and with an air which promised most specific directions as to

the trend of Chumps, once he should grasp the subject fully. But——

"Eddie, come here, right away!" cried a shrill voice that made Ephemeris shrug his damp shoulders in despair. Something more or less like what he had seen when he was with the gray thing. —How long ago that was!—came switching up and whisked the little smiling font of information away.

It was Fate. Evidently he was not meant for association with those he met, and his instincts were not to be trusted. He was learning to accept this as a law of his being. Still, there was sustaining force in the knowledge that he was a Chump and there must be others. In truth, he believed the little smiler was a Chump, who would have helped him greatly had he been suffered to. Alas, again. The one pure kindness Ephemeris was to know was the innocent smile of this friendly little boy!

He got up and roamed on. By this time his limbs were freed from the cold, damp bondage. When he met one whose aspect appealed to him he would ask with winning diffidence "where the Chumps were to go: that he was a Chump."

Some laughed, some scowled; more moved quickly off, as if they had an aversion for Chumps. Ephemeris finally concluded that it would be wiser to first inquire delicately of the person addressed if he were a Chump. In case he were, of course, he could then declare himself one with better claim to sympathy.

Suddenly he stopped, spell-bound by something more than admiration. He had not thought his nature could know another thrill like that which the ideal Beauty of the being in the pond had awakened. This was akin to it, but more entrancing. His soul demanded, nay, claimed this as the very complement of itself. It was a supreme expansion of life to view this apparition. There was not the golden radiance of



the upturned face in the waters about this dream. The color of the dainty oval was a clear creamy brown like un-ripened gold. The spheres beneath the brow were black, but soft and burning, while the coverture of the admirably poised head was of another black, lustrous and wavy.

The present Vision was draped in light filmy white, and its little hands were as snow flakes large enough to have their dainty configuration visible. Kindled to resistless ardor, Ephemeris approached, his arms once more outstretched, and cried passionately, with no more deliberate volition than a Prophet of eld aflame with inspiration: "I love you. You are my Life. Come to me."

What would It do? He knew that It was his very own. But what would be Its sentiments? The dark orbs turned on him with a sudden blazing brightness; then, despite themselves, melted into lovely pity at the sight of his glowing face and the beaming purity of his impassioned gaze. Hurriedly It rose, clasped the tiny hands to Its side and moved away more quickly than any of the others.

Ephemeris felt his strength all drawn from him, and with a sense of loneliness more miserable than anything he had known, sank upon the bench and buried his face in his hands. His very being seemed sinking away from him, through this mordant misery.

How long he remained in this crushing prostration he knew not. When he wearily raised his head and opened his eyes he was struck by a peculiar change in everything. Objects were but dimly visible, and the color of things was altered. No wonder all was different. His life had been taken away by that vision of dark loveliness. So, too, all the outer world signaled thus Its departure. How his soul cried aloud for the restoration of the part of his being he had felt at once this Other was.

Moreover, the place was deserted. All had faded away with the Dear One. He raised his head and his heart gave an odd leap. Above him in dusky depths of purplish blue blazed countless fires. They had come to say: "Your soul's love will come back. We are ministers of your Beloved. She will come back. She will come back."

So strongly did this belief possess him that he put forth his hand to grasp one and crave more words of message. Alas! he could not reach it, although he rose and stretched his arm to the utmost.

And then, as if to chide him for his presumption, a disk of reddish gold rose in those fire-flecked depths above and chastened him into awe by its solemn majesty.

He sank back upon the bench, breathing in long, slow respirations. He could not doubt even now that the absorbing loveliness of what was so wedded to his soul was his goal. His whole nature had grasped it so possessively. He must attain it yet. Other messengers would come and speak more clearly than those blazing ones afar that chafed him with their twinkling fires.

As if in answer to this hope, here was one flashing just before his eyes, smaller, more intermittent in its glitter and with a greenish tinge to its tiny glow. It was his Beloved One's modest harbinger of love. It pricked out of the shadows, farther away, as if calling on him to follow. He rose and darted after it. Now it was gone, cruel trifter. No. There it was again. He dashed madly toward it, his hands outstretched to clutch it.

Again that awful falling sensation which had been before his harsh awakening from dreams of bliss. This time, an agony of pain beat upon him in rapid successive strokes. Then—

From beneath the arch at the bottom of the stone flight of steps beyond the Mall there stole forth a luminous violet

mist. Like a vapor it floated lightly out upon the pearly night: like a filmy cloud drifted above the shimmering lake: like a spirit's breath trailed across the face of the burnished moon; then melted into the pure Night.

A Park policeman straying down an alley near by where the moonbeams stole through the coverture of leaves was brought to a halt by a faint burst of harmony, remote yet distinct and so thrilling that he stood rooted to the spot until the subtly modulated chords had vibrated into silence.

It was the Passing of Ephemeris.

His impetuous pursuit of the firefly, mistaken for a little star with message for him from the Loved One, had brought him to the top of a flight of stone steps down which he had fallen headlong.

The riving pain was so pervasive and acute that for an instant the forces of Attraction and Repulsion in the

atoms of his almost immaterial substance were suspended. As the constant action of these atoms was the very essence of his being, such cessation meant immediate, utter disintegration. As delicate color, as entrancing harmony, they reverted to that Universe from whose innermost essence the most singular fortuity had coerced them.

He was not Born. He did not Die. The Morning, in cruel onset of cold and heat, had flung him into the world, and Night, in hallowing starlit peace, had absorbed him into its balmy rest. In his passage of a Day, akin to Man, he had known Hope, Joy, Sorrow, Pain and Love, those chief Rubrics in the Book of Life. At least, in the End, if Earth had had no place for him, he was gathered into a kindlier Heaven to add a touch of sweetness to the Cosmos from whose forces he had sprung. Ephemeris, Child of a Day, thy Life was long.

## The Maker of Rhymes

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

FOAM-FLOWER and sea-spume tost along the sands—  
By dawn a record white—  
Recount of wind and gloom's resurgent hands,  
And tell of storms by night.

And lightly turned these lines some rhymers pens,  
Say they who pause to read,  
Yet dream not once how Harmony oft blends  
Her notes with lips that bleed!

# In the Bret Harte Country

BY WINIFRED BLACK

**I**F you want to make yourself unpopular in the Bret Harte country, just mention Bret Harte.

I rode up on the Angels Camp stage with Mr. Jack Hamlin, not so many shining years ago, and he told me that in his humble opinion "Some one ought to have organized a vigilance committee and run that Bret Harte out of the camp before he could get in his slander." And Yuba Bill spat in the red dust of the whirling road and allowed yes. I don't think Yuba Bill had ever heard of Bret Harte, but he deemed it no more than polite to agree with his old friend, Mr. Hamlin.

I dined at Mokolumne Hill with Truthful James, one Mr. James Gillis, a cultivated and charming Virginian, by the way, and he took me for a drive along the foot of Table Mountain, and let me get out and lay my ear to the ground, and listen to the rushing of the river inside the mountain—the river that is always going to be drained in some golden and not too far away future, and astonish an incredulous world with the riches of Solomon's mines.

Truthful James showed me the place where his old cabin stood, the cabin where he and Bill Nye were supposed to play their famous game of poker. It was a little shelf on the side of the mountain; the chimney is there yet, and just below the shadow of the chimney were two bland Chinamen washing the red water for gold—and getting it at the rate of a dollar or two a day.

We drove up the Sonora road where Colonel Starbottle was wont to pace out his duelling ground, and went to Sugar Pine by way of the old Bowie stage route.

We supped with one of the Twins of Table Mountain at Sugar Pine, and he took us to a rise of ragged ground back of his cabin, and showed us a giant pine standing at the head of a sunken mound, and he said he could hear the old pine singing all day, and singing all night, and he knew that his brother was not lonely.

We drove down the mountain in the moonlight, and saw a coyote cub playing with his shadow, and we drank the deep, sweet breath of the pines, and Truthful James told me about Bret Harte.

"He was a slim, little black-eyed school teacher when I knew him," said Truthful James. "He taught over in Coppertown then. They named it Copperopolis when they built it, same as they named Jimtown, Jamestown, but we all called it Coppertown. It was a lively place then, was Coppertown. Ten hotels, three banks, and faro places till you couldn't count 'em all. There was a lot happening in Copper. Half of the plots of Bret Harte's stories grew up right in that town.

"I remember, one Sunday morning it was, two of the boys drove up from San Francisco—no, we don't call it Frisco, that's tenderfoot talk—and one of them had eight white horses and one

of them had eight black horses, and they both wore silk hats and evening dress, and they had watch chains like coupling chains. They had struck it rich the week before, and they'd been down to the city to change their clothes—and their money.

"Well, one of the boys got to devil-ing the other fellow about his carriage. Said it wasn't in style because it was lined with blue satin instead of leather, and before night we had six dead men in camp over it.

"Took sides, you know.

"Oh, Copper was a lively town in those days!"

"Where is Coppertown?" I said.

Truthful James stared.

"Why," he said, "*you* had dinner there yesterday on your way up from Milton. It is just a hotel now; kind of a slim dinner, I reckon you had, from what I hear from the boys that go over that road. The mine gave out, you see, and some of the buildings burned down, and some fell down, and that shack, a hotel as they call it yet, is all that is left."

I thought back to the straggling pine shack and to the dinner. "Slim" wasn't a bad word after all we had found there on the up stage. I remembered the blinding dust, and the baking sun, and the flies that swarmed, and I sighed for the lost romance.

Then I thought of Jack Hamlin, the handsome and somewhat audacious stranger of the box-seat, and smiled.

"What kind of a man was Bret Harte himself—in character, I mean?"

"Nice enough, I reckon," said Truthful James. "Not much of a favorite among the boys. Too quiet, and he had a kind of forgetful way of smiling into your face, as if he had forgotten all about you, and didn't care how soon you found it out.

"Women all liked him a lot, or else they hated him. I guess most of them liked him in those days.

"He boarded with a family I knew over in Copper then. Handsome woman, the wife was, and she had a knack of making things look pretty about the place.

"She gave a man who was riding through, a piece of land, for a willow switch he was using to switch his horse, and the man was a mineralogist, and he struck copper on the land she gave him and went away with a million dollars.

"The woman?

"Oh, she planted the switch, and had a hedge before she knew it. People came for miles to see that willow hedge. You know, we thought nothing would grow in California then but pines and manzanita, and this woman used to get up Sunday dinners, with fried chicken and ducks cooked like you used to get them back home, and you couldn't get within hitching distance of that house.

"Poor?

"Not that woman.

"She had half a million in copper alone.

"I know because I was at the dinner when a man from Stockton got up and made a speech (he'd brought up a case of champagne on the stage with him), and said that any woman that could cook chicken like that ought to have enough money to buy chicken for every meal, every day in the year, and he reckoned he would start things going right by handing over ten shares of the mine to her then and there. The rest chipped in, and that woman just sat there and looked pretty."

"What did she do with the money?"

"Spent it, I reckon, along with the rest of the money she made, a million or more.

"She went down to San Francisco and helped some Eastern sharps out, in a big scheme to tip off the stock exchange bulletins by tapping the wires. The men got into trouble about it, but

that woman looked at the Judge with those big blue eyes of hers, and the Judge said she was a victim and let her go.

"The last time I saw her, she was trying to sell eight dollars' worth of stock, wild-cat of course, in the mud-hen board in San Francisco.

"Old and kind of bitter-looking she was then. Broke, I guess.

"The Society upon the Stanislaus?

"Yes, that was true enough.

"Abner Dean lives over at Angels yet, but you don't want to mention that chunk of sandstone to him.

"It seems to kind of rile him some way.

"Lots of the boys are a little touchy on the Bret Harte subject.

"He hit a little too near the truth, I guess.

"Now in my case it is different. I don't mind being handed down to posterity as a bearded ruffian that couldn't spell; they did call me 'Truthful,' you know, I don't know why, but what I don't like is making me out to be a narrow-minded crank with a prejudice against foreigners.

"Now I have nothing in the world against the Chinese. They are a peaceable, fairly honest, and very useful class of citizens, but it is a little rough to make me out sitting down to a social game with a yellow-faced, pig-tailed, grinning Chinaman as if he were an equal, by George!

"I suppose that's what you call poetic license, though."

We rode along in the red dust of the perfumed forest roads together, Truthful James and I.

We crossed brawling streams, yellow and red with the washings of a hundred camps.

We caught glimpses of lonely cabins hiding in the sighing pines on the sides of the climbing mountains.

We stopped and asked a drink of water at a shake-maker's little cabin in

a dense wood, and the shake-maker came and gave us half a dried apple pie apiece, and we went and sat by the spring that laughed over the boulders back of his hut, and ate the pie and drank the finest water in the world, as cold as charity and as sparkling as the epigrams in the play some one else has seen.

The shake-maker said he couldn't ask us into his cabin very well, because Little Garote Pete was lying on the floor asleep.

"He was pretty drunk when he went to sleep," said the shake-maker, thoughtfully, "and you can't never tell what they'll say when they wake up, and bein' a lady presence, it might, so to speak, put him to shame."

We crossed the north fork of the Stanislaus, which some one swam when he breasted high water just to dance with old Follinsbee's daughter, the "Lily of Poverty Flat." I asked Truthful James to tell me something about the Lily, but he said he didn't have the pleasure of her acquaintance.

I slept that night at the Magnolia Hotel in Sonora, and the wild clematis and the pink azaleas that M'liss loved nodded drowsily in the silver moonlight on the hillside by the window.

On the next day we drove along the Yosemite road and found Little Garote, named from a famous double hanging for which the Vigilantes were responsible in the old days.

I saw beautiful gardens overgrown with a tangle of gorgeous flowers and great orchards full of ripening fruit, and house after house shut and empty. I peeped in through the dusty window of one house, and saw a grand piano standing in a faded parlor, and a book-case full of books stood against a grimy wall.

"Empty for fifteen years," said Truthful James. "All of 'em. They'd learned that things would grow here when this digging was lively, but the



diggings played out, and the people just moved. Never had time to come back after their furniture, I reckon."

Over at Angels Camp we had supper in a little, weather-beaten "hotel," and after supper we sat on the porch and watched the miners down from the mines with a week's pay, walking back and forth in the scented California dusk.

The miners were not interesting. They were most of them stolid Cornishmen, or black-browed Bohemians. The few American miners looked like more or less honest farmers, and I didn't see a man with a "gun."

They raise oranges in the foothills about Angels now, and the gusty pines have been uprooted to give place to a tree that pays.

"The old days are gone," said Truthful James. "The mines are most all owned by big syndicates now, and the miners work by the day. Once in a while some shoe-store clerk or dentist's assistant, up from the city on a vacation, strikes a pocket, out prospecting, and comes to town to try to keep up the old traditions, but that's about all.

"There isn't a square gambler left in the country. That fellow you saw coming up on the stage couldn't deal a straight game to save his life. He'd stack the cards on his best friend, and wouldn't do a neat job at it either.

"The days of old, the days of gold, are gone, and I'm not sorry.

"It was all right for a while, but I like something besides bacon and beans

to eat myself, and I'd rather hire men to dig by the day than to dig."

Far up the dusty road there echoed the thud of hoofbeats.

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms—" a clear tenor voice rang out through the scented twilight.

Truthful James and I started and looked at each other.

Then Truthful James smiled tremulously.

"Poor Jack's been dead these fifteen years," he said. "That's the Methodist parson riding over from Jimtown to Wednesday prayer-meeting."

"The heart that has truly loved never forgets," carolled the singer, and the great pines on the hill sighed gustily, as if stirred by some tender memory.

There is a brand new railroad puffing and scrambling up through the foothills in that enchanted country now, and you may check your baggage to Jimtown or to Angels if you like.

The old stage stands dismantled in an old barn in Sonora, only on Native Son's Day it is brought out to be ridden in by the members of the Pioneer Society.

The man who has made us love every foot of the country where he lived for a few grateful years lies in an English churchyard, but as long as human frailty finds forgiveness in human hearts, the very dust of the red roadside he taught us all to know will be sacred to his memory.

# Over the Book-Counter

BY CAROLYN WELLS

A H, Mr. Featherly, good-morning. How do you do?

Going away? Fearful hurry? Books to take along?

Oh, yes, you're always in a hurry. Well, I know how to wait on hurried people. Here you are.

Kempton-Wace Letters.

Largely advertised. Mediocre. Plays to the grand stand.

The hero is a perfect idiot. He picks out a suitable girl for his wife,—he is not in love with her, of course, because "in love" is a term that has no message for him. Indeed, he says, "Love is a disorder of mind and body, and is produced by passion under the stimulus of imagination." All the same he reads Browning to her until four o'clock in the morning; and he divides people into two classes,—feelers and thinkers.

You don't care for this book? Well, no, I thought you wouldn't. It wasn't written in a hurry. It's a very serious book.

All right. Next batch,—Funny Books.

Called funny, and published in summer, because in summer people don't mind whether things are what they're called or not.

First, "A Few Remarks." Syndicatey, newspaperiness, flippant, silly, and slangy. Treats of the Gentle Art of Stopping at a Hotel. Horse-play of the common, or roof-garden variety. Sub-title ought to be "Broad Puns for

Narrow Minds." Most of the jests are repeated here and there in different chapters, so you're sure to remember them.

More funny books? Goodness, yes, lots of them! Here's "A Duke and His Double," by Van Zile. It's an old plot, newly bound. A nobleman, who gives an excellent imitation of a butler disguised as a nobleman. The new-rich family, named Flint in this instance, have the usual trade-marks, which they endeavor to replace by ancestral hall-marks. Mrs. Flint is about the nicest character in the book, because she is the twentieth century Mrs. Malaprop, and her speeches are a little bit funny. It's a short book, because it belongs to that "Cherry" series.

Isn't that a lovely title for a series? The publishers chose it because one can't make two bites of a cherry, and so one has to read "A Duke and His Double" both at once.

More funny books? And you're in a hurry?

Yes, yes, I know; I'm hurrying. Here's "A Summer in New York."

Wrong name, ought to be called "Summer in New Slang." Perfect dictionary of the very latest slang. Not only to-day's, but to-morrow's, and even a week from Tuesday's. Great book! Tells of the high places where the Smart Set sit. Goes with a whiz-whang, and it's over before you know it. To read that book is a good

deal like looping the loop at Coney Island.

Yes, yes, I'll send it. And I *am* hurrying. Next lot. Detective stories,—so-called.

But "The Gilded Lady" is a detective story that doesn't detect. Whoever wrote it doesn't know the rules of the game. It's a very old counterfeiting plot, and it's built from the end backward. Oh, well, of course detective stories often are, but they don't always show it so plainly. This book has its most self-evident facts announced as clever deductions. Now wouldn't that Doyle you?

Yes, sir, yes sir, I'm hurrying. I know you've got to catch the boat. Here's "The Mystery of Murray Davenport," a sort of detective story, too. It detects a little more than the other, and it's in better style. But it isn't worth while, after all. We all know a detective story must be mechanically perfect in plot. Now "Murray Davenport" has an impossible plot. The author admits it himself,—the characters in the book admit it. It's a novel plot, but it's unconvincing. Still it's all right if you want to be amused.

And by Jimminy Crickets! I'd almost forgotten this. Here's "The Dominant Strain," and this isn't the hurry-call sort. Once you have read it through,—and I don't know but twice,—you want to read it again. Thoughtfully written, carefully planned; well-drawn characters;—I mean verbally, not in the horrid aniline-dyed illustrations. Some people who have been in here talking to me say they can't discover what the Dominant Strain is; but,—well, I won't insult your intelligence by telling you; for it's perfectly obvious to any one that knows anything at all. The story is artistic, its motion is emotional, its temper is temperamental; and its ending, although a concession to the con-

ventionality of novel-writing is, after all, in accordance with the dominant strain. "The Rosary,"—that poem which runs through it,—is by Robert Cameron Rogers, and is one of the dearest poems in the whole world.

Then here's another fine book, "The Spenders" it is called. It's a story of some people who didn't have any money, then they had a worldful, and then they didn't have any again. But that part of it isn't so much. Lots of books are written about country people who suddenly make a pile of money and blow it in at big hotels and on horses and on yachts and so forth.

Excuse my saying "blow it in," but you have to talk slang if you're talking about "The Spenders." It's a whole slang dictionary. I never saw a book that was so full of slang before. And clever slang, too.

But the slang isn't the thing.

The whole show in "The Spenders" is that ripping love scene at the last. Excuse my saying "ripping," but there's no other word to describe that great act.

Oh, what a lot that Wilson man knows!

He struck the keynote when he said,—they were eloping, you know, in a cab,—"His grasp of her hand during the ride did not relax." It was the ride to the minister's, you know. And she was more than half inclined to kick about going. Excuse my saying "kick," but "The Spenders" always acted slang as well as talked it.

Well! Just think of a man who would hold his lady's hand in a firm, steady grasp throughout a whole ride. That was Percival's way.

His ridiculous name was Percival—but it was set off by his other name,—Bines.

Now many a man in real life would have let up on that hand-clasp after a few minutes; but a man who can keep it at its first firmness for a ride of sev-

eral blocks,—well, he's a hero worth reading about,—that's all!

Then here's one of the cleverest books of the season, "The Modern Obstacle."

What was the obstacle? Oh, money, of course, or rather the want of it. "The Modern Obstacle" is the want of all money. Well, this book is one of those very well-dressed, well-groomed, and carefully manicured society novels.

It's about a girl and her grandmother. The girl calls her grandmother by her first name, and well she may, for the old lady is a lot younger than the young lady.

There are three men in the book, and each one of them is clever, and strong, and handsome enough to be the hero of a whole book all by himself. In fact, all the people are the quintessence of the stunning up-to-date society sort. All their conversation sparkles, all their repartee is in epigram, and their motions are entirely dependent on their emotions.

The book winds up with the smartest little tragedy, and altogether it's about as modern as anything this season. Somehow or other it reminded me of a book I read a year or two ago. That was a different sort, and it was called "Katooticut; or, The Rooster Who Wanted to be Rich." It's the dearest book! It begins this way:

"An it please Your Royal Sweetness if Katooticut had not wanted to get rich all this would not have happened, and Your Royal Sweetness would have had to go to bed without any story." Oh, well, of course, "Katooticut" is only one of those nonsense books, but it's one of the best, and I don't know why it isn't more popular.

You remember that perfectly lovely book called "Wee Macgregor." My, but that book is great! If I get talking about it I never can stop; and there was the loveliest parody of it in one of the papers. The boy,—the parody kid, you know,—was "scissoring off small pieces of the cat's tail," and he said, "Whit wey do a cat greet when ye cut aff its tail, Paw?"

But as I was saying, that same author has just written another book called "Ethel." It isn't Scotch, and it isn't funny; and, in fact, it isn't anything but a weak solution of "The Dolly Dialogues." So I guess you don't want "Ethel."

You'll take these others? Thank you, Mr. Featherly, I'll see that they're sent down to you. Good-morning.

Well, he *has* bought a lot of trash!

He didn't take a single book that's really worth while. It's strange, but the greatest books are always the ones that depict clearly the greatest good to the smallest number.

## Little Life

BY CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

**L**ITTLE Life, where did you go?  
To the raindrops? or the snow?  
To the sunshine or the flowers?  
To the birds or wooded bowers?  
Little Life! since not to me  
Came you from Eternity?

# My Princess Faraway

BY LOUIS LIPSKY

NO, I never sing now; those days are folded away; the world has become a very poor sounding board.... Ah, but once—the ballads I sang! Then there was my Princess Mona. Who was my Princess Mona? You don't know....

Before the great red Sun dropped behind the gray buildings of the city of her dwelling, she would expect me in her palace. It must have been a palace, for she was a Princess. When she gazed into my eyes, questioning, all the beauty beyond the courtyard, all the poesy that ever thrilled my soul, just rushed out and my violin sang it for me, and my voice uttered the words that clung to the melody.... She was the Princess of the Court Invisible, and I sang to make it visible. She was the grand lady, simple, true, and I her troubadour. She was the Awakener of the Song Beautiful, and I its singer...

The credentials of her royalty had been left in Fairyland, I told her, where the trailing clouds of glory, still to be seen in her deep black eyes, had their first home. I saw through her disguise and the red-handed folk who claimed her as theirs. I knew well the inexorable law of the Fairy folk, that before one can be a Princess of the blood royal, one must be tested in the great awkward world, and only after one has come through unsullied, can one return to one's true kin....

This would I tell her when her little form trembled with the tear that came

to the eye, unbidden. This would I tell my Princess with my Fiddle and my song. I would sing (oh, so softly!) of the beautiful region far beyond, and strive to drown out the sounds that came from the querulous mother, who had forgotten. I needed but to look into her eyes to forget the sad mutations of the world, the little discords in her cramped little body, which she would ever and again glance down at, and the song would come and she would remember.... There were those in the outer world who were at ease, who would say, cruelly, "It is but a weak little girl, a poor little thing seated in a little chair, in a rear tenement of our honeycombed city, who could never get to the world you speak of," but oh, the weak-sighted, the long-suffered! They would never know. Was it only a little girl in ragged attire, who would never see that world? It was the Princess Mona, my Assurance, the sweet little voice, the dark little face, my Princess; now, my Princess Faraway...

"Really, really, do the Fairies see me?" she would ask, softly, her palms under her chin, when I sang of the Fairies who turn into dark green leaves when frowning human folk approach their haunts. Then would I touch my dear Fiddle with lighter touch and sing.... Oh, you would not understand; I myself do not remember clearly!....

I would sing...sing...of the merry troop who visit when the Flowers



open their eyes, to see if all is well with them, to see if their pollen is sound and sweet, if the wind has been too boisterous; and who offer the kind word and the sweet command. . . . And I sang of the Fairy Princess, the dark brown Fairy Princess, with laughing eyes, who accepts your homage but to return it an hundredfold. . . . And there was the mischievous Wasp, the wicked one, the meddler, who came with a buzz and a whirr and always when he buzzed close to the Fairy's lawn, they would fly away, or be called to arms, or turn into leaves, or close their bright little eyes before the danger. . . .

The Burden of the grass is the dew,  
The Burden of the Night is the Fairies' fright,  
The Burden of my Song is you,

I would sing to my Princess, the little one, who listened with eyes wide open, trustingly. . . .

"Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful!" she would murmur, clasping her hands, delighted, and she would ask and ask again, "And what does the Fairy Princess do, and what the little elves, and what the Wasp, and what . . ." and eagerly ruffle my shaggy head in her joy. . . .

Her real father was a sad-faced man who toiled to the utter death of his soul, though he knew it not. Often he would meet me, downcast, tearful, too weak to protest, and pass by like a ghost. He knew not the Princess. He knew the weak little girl who was snatched by him from the beautiful Before-World, to be born in the dark tenement, the little girl whom he could not relieve, whose weak little body could not bear the burden of her weak little body. . . . And within, the mother, the Queen mother, a toiling mother, a selfless mother, though she had forgotten, whose life was patiently given for her little princess, in the Home which should

have been their Kingdom. She knew not the Princess. Her heart was flooded with love, but it could not understand the little girl who had been washed ashore in a storm of tears, unable to forget the Beautiful World, whence she came. . . .

Thus spoke I, low, to my Princess:

Not the children of men are stolen by the Fairies, but it is the Fairy children who are snatched from the cradle of the Forest and bound in the bonds of childhood and thrust into the noisy world and so confused that soon they forget whence they came. . . . Far back, in their fading memories, they may hear, sweetly dim, the dancing on the lawn, the smiling with the Sun, the evening song, but soon the black-browed Magician makes a few passes and there is no dancing, no smiles and there are no songs. . . .

Once my Princess said, gravely, "How long shall I see the Fairy World?"

"Ever must you see it, my Princess," I said, "whilst your eye is filled with the glow of song and your memories are unsullied. Courage! To bear bravely, to think beautifully, to dream youthfully, and to be the Princess of the House Beautiful, that one may always be if one resolve it."

"Sometimes," she would whisper, "sometimes I see the great city you cry down in your song, but always, far above, that other city where the light touches the golden turrets and all wear bright clothes, and every one dances on the market-place, and every one plays in the meadows, and no one is sad and weary hearted, and no one seems to see the darker city below. But to me, these walls and this noise; the curtain falls and try and try as hard as I can, I see it no more."

Then I sing! . . .

I often came when her eyes, deep wells, were overflowing, but with my brave greeting she would smile even as

soon as she heard my crutch on the pavement. And she confessed as much, "If you were away, my fairies would turn into green leaves and wither away."

I wonder now if she has turned into a green leaf, my Princess Mona, or withered away, for where is she now, my Princess Faraway? . . .

Certain the Fairies knew her, too. They would hail her, gentle, courteous. "See! That dark little girl" (I would tell them and she heard it) "in a noisy backyard, who never saw any leaves but those I show her, who never had any play but that I brought her, she is not what she seems; make no mistake! When all the noise ceases and the house grows as small as a peascod and she can look over it, she sees the Fairy gambols and her smile is sweet and hopeful and full of grace. The girl so weak is the Princess Mona, whom I see every evening when Twilight comes to kiss the day to sleep. Hail the Princess!" . . .

"No Fairies ever tell me that, they never speak unless you are here."

"They are shy; some day, some day, when their shyness leaves them, as by magic, they will take you with them and tell you, oh, such secrets!" . . .

And I would often sing her to sleep and take her in my arms, the wee Prin-

cess, and place her in the dark corner where she slept. . . .

Ah, but enough! The world moves in a confused orbit. I don't understand it as I did. Into a better world, they said, my Princess had removed, she and her real father and her mother who had forgotten, and when I came to the yard where she was wont to sit in helpless childhood, I found it dark; I did not know it; my Princess had left.

And when I inquired, no one knew whither. They said they thought she had been taken away to some other tene-ment, where, they did not know. Others said that Life had become kinder to the sad-faced father, the world had ceased to frown, that he had found his place, and was moving with the world, instead of dragging in the rear.

But what did it matter to me? I never could discover the Palace of my Princess, and though years and years have passed and I have sought for her, never has word come to me from my Princess Mona, my Princess Faraway. I live in the Twilight now.

But surely if she remembers the Fairy Folk, she will remember me. I wait.

My fiddle is filled with dust and my soul is dry. I see the Fairies but dimly; sometimes I forget them. When my Princess returns, I may remember and sing again. I wait. . . .

## Loneliness

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE weary, dreary hours drag by,—  
The clocks strike now and then;  
Impassively I wonder why,—  
And then I wonder when.

# By Way of Dissent

BY SEWELL FORD

**I**T is a popular belief that imagination is monopolized by poets, novelists and children who see horrid shapes in the dark. Also it is quite the conventional thing to say of our most useful and most successful men, "He is wholly practical, without a spark of imagination."

As a matter of fact, imagination, which is nothing more than the power of making mental pictures, is a common possession of humanity. It is no more an exclusive and peculiar faculty of the fiction writer than his sight or his hearing.

The farmer, dropping seed corn into the furrowed ground on a wet May morning, pictures the long lines of pennant-waving, kernel-fruited stalks yellowing under September's sun. The mason, patiently laying brick on brick, sees in his mind's eye the completed wall before he lays his first course. The architect, working out ground plans and elevations, sees rooms and doors and windows long before they exist. The village storekeeper, buying his stock of goods for the coming season, makes mental forecast of the demand for this or that, and reaps profit or loss as his imagination is keen or dull.

Gathered about a shiny-topped table is a group of sober, dignified, well-groomed men—the directors of a corporation. They are planning, perhaps, a commercial campaign that shall enable them to exact tribute from all the peoples in all the markets of the

world. They are men whose imaginations have been most acutely trained along special lines. Each has in his brain a maker of wonderful pictures.

Your politician, weaving the elusive threads of public opinion into a tangible banner under which he summons millions of voters to rally for victory, he has imagination—and sometimes precious little else.

Napoleon, Sir Isaac Newton, De Lesseps, Cyrus W. Field—in the mind of each was a maker of marvellous pictures. Napoleon's drew for him the map of Europe with *FRANCE* scrawled clear across the face of it. Newton's pictured all the worlds with strong, invisible hands reaching out into space and drawing star to star. Field's showed him the linking of ocean-separated continents. De Lesseps' pictured the joining of continent-separated oceans.

Imagination! Why, you cannot cook a dinner, carve a statue, catch a muskrat or play a game of checkers without it.

And yet, with most consummate assurance, we folks of the pen and inkpot have appropriated to ourselves this universal quality of mind. We have even built up an aristocracy on the assumption, the aristocracy of letters. A fine-sounding, vanity-tickling phrase it is, and it has acquired such sanction of usage that to most ears it is quite convincing.

Aristocracy fiddlesticks! Why

should the writer of possibly dull stories, muddy poems, half-baked essays, rate himself higher than the man who, from a mass of brick and stone and wood, fashions a house that will stand for half a century, or above the shipbuilder whose oak-ribbed handiwork resists the buffets of a thousand storms?

The aristocracy of letters! Let us stop our ears against such vain flatteries. Let us, in all humility, strive to be genuine and honest and sincere in all the work we do. And the nearer we approach to the achieving of such virtues, the less we will care for aristocracy, whether of pen or purse or heritage.

## The Peace of Autumn

BY EUGENE C. DOLSON

A VAGRANT web the spider weaves  
 Along the roadside way;  
 And, touched with frost, the maple leaves  
 Are reddening day by day.

From sumacs where, in tangles bright,  
 The scarlet torches glow,  
 A flock of blackbirds wheel their flight  
 Across the marsh below.

From early morn till twilight gray  
 High-loaded wains go by;  
 And heaped along the orchard way  
 The ripened apples lie.

With fragrance of the aftermath  
 The air is redolent;  
 While floats, from far, a smoky breath  
 At forest altars spent.

Dear golden days of rich increase,  
 Of all the year the best;  
 When brooding Nature, steeped in peace,  
 Swoons to her dreamful rest.

# The Fortunes of Fifi

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

## CHAPTER X

### THE POPE WINS

NOW, Fifi really intended to go out to Fontainebleau the next day to see the Holy Father, for, although she cared little for the opinion of the world in general, she had been deeply impressed by the benignant old man, and she secretly yearned for his approval. And besides, she had an instinctive feeling that the Holy Father would understand better than any one else in the world why she wished to marry Cartouche. That tender, serene soul of the old man, who cherished the affections of his youth and who had sounded the depths and measured the heights of human grandeur and yet esteemed love the greatest thing in the world, would understand a simple, loving heart like Fifi's. It had been so easy to tell him all about Cartouche and herself—and he had comprehended it so readily; just the same, thought Fifi, as if he himself had lived and worked and struggled as she and Cartouche had lived and worked and struggled. Fifi knew, in her own way, that there is a kinship among all honest souls—and that thus the Holy Father was near of kin to Cartouche.

Fifi did not mention this proposed expedition to Cartouche, because, in her lexicon, it was always easier to justify a thing after it is done than before.

So, when on the morning after her return, the diligence rumbled past the street below that of the Black Cat, Fifi was inside the diligence—and, on the outside, quite unknown to her, was Duvernet.

The manager, it may be imagined, had not had a very easy time of it, either as a manager or a husband for the last twenty-four hours. Julie Campionet had large lung power, and had used it cruelly on him. Nevertheless, the idea of securing Fifi with all her additional values for the Imperial Theater was quite irresistible to Duvernet; and the thought that another manager, more enterprising than he, might get her for ten francs more the week, was intolerable to him. He determined to make a gigantic effort for Fifi's services, and it would be extremely desirable to him to have this crucial interview as far away from the Imperial Theater as possible.

Therefore, Duvernet was on the lookout when the diligence jolted past, and when he saw a demure figure in black, with a veil over her face, get inside the diligence, he recognized Fifi, and jumped up on the outside.

Fifi, sitting within, had no notion that Duvernet was on the same vehicle. She kept her veil down and behaved with the greatest propriety. She knew better than to wear any of her ridiculous finery in the presence of the Holy Father, and as she had got rid of the brown gown with the green spots, she



wore a plain black gown and mantle which became her well, and she scarcely seemed like the same creature who had worn the yellow brocade robe and the striped satin cloak.

The diligence rumbled along, through the pleasant spring afternoon, upon the sunny road to Fontainebleau, and reached it in a couple of hours.

When Fifi dismounted, at the street leading to the palace, what was her surprise to find that Duvernet dismounted too!

"I had business at Fontainebleau, and so was fortunate to find myself on the top of the diligence, while you were inside," was Duvernet's ready explanation of his presence.

Fifi was at heart glad of his protection, and hoped he would return to Paris with her, but would by no means admit so much to him.

"I," said Fifi, with dignity, "also have business at Fontainebleau—with the Holy Father. You may walk with me to the palace."

"Thank you, Mademoiselle," answered Duvernet, bowing; and Fifi could not tell whether he was laughing at her or not.

As they walked toward the vast old palace, gray and peaceful in the golden sun of springtime, Duvernet said:

"Well, Fi—"

"What?" asked Fifi coldly.

"Mademoiselle, I should say. Since we find ourselves together, we may as well resume our business conversation of yesterday afternoon. If you will take fifty francs the week, your old place at the Imperial Theater is open to you."

"And that minx, Julie Campionet—oh, I beg your pardon."

"Don't mention it," gloomily replied Julie Campionet's husband. "She has told me twenty times since yesterday that she means to get a divorce, just like the others. If she

doesn't, I can, perhaps, get her to take her old parts by giving her an additional five francs the week—for I assure you, when it comes to a question of salary, she is not Madame Duvernet, but Julie Campionet."

"It would be against my conscience, Monsieur, to interfere with your domestic peace—" said Fifi demurely, and that time it was Duvernet who didn't know whether or not Fifi was laughing at him.

"Mademoiselle," replied he, with his loftiest air, "do you suppose I would let my domestic peace stand before Art? No. A thousand times no! Art is always first with me, and last. And besides, if Julie Campionet should get a divorce from me—well, I have never found any trouble yet in getting married. All the trouble came afterward."

"Fifty francs," mused Fifi; "and if I allow you to bill me as Mademoiselle Chiaramonti, and the granddaughter of the Pope's cousin, that would be worth at least twenty-five francs the week more. Seventy-five francs the week."

"Good heavens, no!" shouted Duvernet. "The Holy Father himself wouldn't be worth seventy-five francs at the Imperial Theater! Sixty francs, at the outside, and Julie Campionet to think it is fifty."

"I had better wait until I am married to Cartouche," replied Fifi innocently.

But waiting was just what the manager did not want. So, still urging her to take sixty francs, they reached the palace.

Fifi had a little note prepared and gave it, together with a pink gilt-bordered card, inscribed "Mademoiselle Josephine Chiaramonti," to the porter at the door. The porter evidently regarded Fifi, and her note and card included, with the utmost disfavor, but, like most underlings, he was well acquainted with his master's private af-

fairs, and knew in a minute who Fifi was, and so, grudgingly went off with her letter and card.

Fifi and Duvernet kept up their argument in the great, gloomy ante-room into which they were ushered. Fifi was saying:

"And if I allow you to bill me as his Holiness' cousin, and you give me seventy-five francs—"

"Sixty, Mademoiselle."

"Seventy-five francs, will you promise always to take my part when I quarrel with Julie Campionet?"

"Good God! What a proposition! I am married to Julie Campionet!"

"Have you really and actually straightened out your divorcees from your other three wives?" asked Fifi maliciously.

"N-n-not exactly. To tell you the truth, Fi—I mean, Mademoiselle—I get those divorce suits and those leading ladies so mixed up in my head, that I am not quite sure about anything concerning them. But if you doubt that I am married to Julie Campionet, just listen to her when she is giving me a wiggling, and you will be convinced."

"Of course," continued Fifi, dismissing Duvernet and Julie Campionet and their matrimonial complications with a wave of the hand, "it is not really necessary for me to act at all. I have a fortune in my diamond brooch, any time I choose to sell it. I gave away ninety thousand francs—but in my brooch I hold on to enough to keep the wolf from the door." Then, a dazzling *coup* coming into her head, she remarked casually, "I hope Cartouche is not marrying me for my diamond brooch."

Duvernet, a good deal exasperated by Fifi's airs, replied, with a grin:

"Cartouche tells me he isn't going to marry you at all."

"We will see about that," said Fifi, using the same enigmatic words Car-

touche had used, when the matrimonial proposition was first offered for his consideration.

After a long wait the porter returned, accompanied by the same sour-looking ecclesiastic whom Fifi had met on her previous visit; and he escorted her to the door of the Pope's chamber.

The door was opened for her, and Fifi found herself once more in the presence of the Pope. She ran forward and kissed his hand, and the Holy Father patted her hand kindly.

"Well, my child," he said, "I hear strange things of you. The Bourcets conveyed to me early this morning that you have left their house, given up the marriage with the respectable young advocate, Louis Bourcet, and bestowed all your fortune on charity. I have been anxious about you."

"Pray don't be so any more, Holy Father," said Fifi, smiling brightly and seating herself on a little chair the Holy Father motioned her to take. "I never was so happy in my life as I am now. I hated the idea of marrying Louis Bourcet."

"Then you should not have agreed to marry him."

"Oh, Holy Father, you can't imagine how it dazes one to be suddenly overwhelmed with riches, to be taken away from all one knows and loves, to be compelled to be idle when one would work—to be, in short, transplanted to another world. At first, I would have agreed to anything."

"I understand. Now, open your heart to me as to your father."

"I was very wretched after I got the money. I was idle, I was unhappy, I was unloved—and I had been used to being busy, to being happy, to being loved. And what gave me the courage to rebel was, that I found out I loved Cartouche. Holy Father, he is my only friend—" An expression in the Holy Father's eyes made Fifi quickly

correct herself. "Was my only friend. And when I thought of being married, I could not imagine life without Cartouche. So, I made up my mind to marry him. But Cartouche said he was neither young nor rich, nor handsome, and with my youth and newly-acquired fortune, I ought to marry above him. I do not claim that Cartouche is what is called—a—" Fifi hesitated, the term "brilliant marriage" not being known in the street of the Black Cat. But the Holy Father suggested it with a smile—

"A brilliant marriage?"

"Yes, Holy Father, that is what I mean. But he is the best of men; I shiver when I think what would have become of me without Cartouche. And he is as brave as a lion—he was the first man across at the bridge of Lodi—and the Emperor was the second. And he serves Duvernet, the manager, just as faithfully as he served his country. Cartouche has charge of all sorts of things at the theater, and he would die rather than let any one swindle the manager."

"I should like to have him for my majordomo," said the Holy Father.

"He is not much of an actor though, to say nothing of his stiff leg. Cartouche is an angel, Holy Father, but he can not act. So he does not get much salary—only twenty-five francs the week. However, I know two things: that Cartouche is the best of men, and that I love him with all my heart. Holy Father, was not that reason enough for not marrying Louis Bourcet?"

"Quite reason enough," softly answered the Holy Father.

"After all, though, it was Louis Bourcet who got rid of me. It was like this, Holy Father. I knew as long as I had a hundred thousand francs that Louis Bourcet would marry me, no matter how outlandish my behavior was; and I also knew, as long as I

had a hundred thousand francs, Cartouche never would marry me. And as I wanted to be happy, I concluded to get rid of my hundred thousand francs, and that horrid, pious, correct, stupid, pompous Louis Bourcet at the same time—"

And then Fifi burst into the whole story of her adventures, beginning with her putting the box of old shoes in the bank, and sewing her money up in the mattress. Through it all the Holy Father sat with his hand to his lips and coughed occasionally.

Fifi knew how to tell her story, and gave very graphic pictures of her life and adventures in the Rue de l'Echelle. She told it all, including her return to the street of the Black Cat in the same van with her boxes, her proposal of marriage to Cartouche and Toto's share in the proceedings. The Holy Father listened attentively, and after an extra spell of coughing at the end, inquired gravely:

"And what did Cartouche say to your proposition to marry him?"

"Holy Father, he behaved horribly, and has not yet agreed, although the poor fellow is eating his heart out for me. He says still, I am far above him—for, you see, Holy Father, as soon as I have it published that I am the giver of ninety thousand francs to the orphans' fund, all Paris will flock to see me act—and then—I shall be billed as Mademoiselle Chiaramonti—cousin of the Holy Father, the Pope. That alone is worth twenty-five francs the week extra."

A crash resounded. The Holy Father's foot-stool had tumbled over noisily. The Holy Father himself was staring in consternation at Fifi.

"On the bills, did you say?"

"Yes, Holy Father. On the big red and blue posters all over the quarter of Paris."

"It must not be," said the Holy Father, with a quiet firmness that im-

pressed Fifi very much. "How much did you say it was worth?"

"I say twenty-five francs. Duvernet, the manager, says only fifteen."

"Where is this Duvernet?"

"Waiting for me in the anteroom below, Holy Father. He came out to Fontainebleau to try to get me to make the arrangement at once."

The Pope touched a bell at hand, and a servant appeared, who was directed to bring Manager Duvernet to him at once. Then, turning to Fifi, he said:

"Monsieur Duvernet must give up all ideas of this outrageous playbill—and in consideration, I will secure to you an annuity of twenty-five francs the week as long as you live."

"How good it is of you, Holy Father!" cried Fifi. Then she added dolefully: "But I am afraid if Cartouche knows I am to be as rich as that, I shall have more trouble than ever getting him to marry me. What shall I do, Holy Father, about telling him?"

The Pope reflected a moment or two.

"It is a difficult situation, but it must be managed," he answered.

Then Fifi, eager for the Holy Father's approval of Cartouche, told many stories of his goodness to her in her childish days—and presently Duvernet was announced.

Duvernet was an earnest worshiper of titles and power, but not to the extent of forgetting his own advantage; and, although on greeting the Pope he knelt reverently, he rose up with the fixed determination not to do anything against the interests of the Imperial Theater, or its manager, not if the Pope and all the College of Cardinals united in asking him.

"Monsieur," said the Holy Father, gently, but with authority: "This young relative of mine tells me that her salary is to be increased fifteen francs the week at your theater if her name and relationship to me shall be

exploited. I offer her twenty-five francs the week if she will forego this. It does not appear to me to be proper that such exploitation should take place."

Duvernet bowed to the ground.

"Holy Father," said he, with deepest humility, "it rests with Mademoiselle Chiaramonti." And he whispered to Fifi behind his hand, "Thirty francs."

"Thirty francs!" cried Fifi indignantly, "only just now you were telling me that it was not even worth twenty-five francs!"

The Holy Father's voice was heard—gentle as ever—

"Thirty-five francs."

Duvernet, being found out, and seeing that he had the Supreme Pontiff on the other side of the market, concluded it was no time for diffidence, so he cried out boldly:

"Thirty-eight francs."

There was a pause. Fifi looked toward the Holy Father.

"Forty francs," said the Holy Father.

Duvernet, with the air and manner of a Roman senator acknowledging defeat, bowed superbly and said:

"Your Holiness wins," and backed toward the door.

Fifi turned to the Pope, and said with shining eyes:

"Holy Father, I thank you more than I can ever, ever say—I promise never to do anything to dishonor the name I bear. And Duvernet," she added, turning to where the manager stood with folded arms and the expression of a martyr: "Recollect, even if it is not put on the bill that I am the granddaughter of the Holy Father's cousin, that I am still valuable. Did I not win the first prize in the lottery? And did I not give ninety thousand francs to the soldiers' orphans? And shan't I be thanked in person by the Emperor and Empress?"

Match me that if you can. And besides, have I not the finest diamond brooch in Paris?"

"If it is diamond," said Duvernet under his breath, but not so low that the Holy Father did not hear him. However, without noticing this, the Pope asked of him:

"Monsieur, will you kindly give me your opinion of Monsieur Cartouche, whom my young relative wishes to marry?"

Duvernet paused a minute, trying to find words to express what he thought of Cartouche, but in the end could only say:

"Your Holiness, Cartouche is—well, I could not conduct the Imperial Theater without Cartouche. And he is the most honest and the most industrious man I ever saw in my life."

"Thank you, Monsieur. Good afternoon," said the Pope, and Duvernet vanished.

"My child," said the Holy Father, after a little pause: "What is this about your having the finest diamond brooch in Paris?" As he spoke, the Holy Father's face grew anxious. The possession of fine diamonds by a girl of Fifi's condition was a little disquieting to him.

"It is only paste, Holy Father," replied Fifi, whipping the brooch out of her pocket. "I always carry it with me to make believe it is diamond, but it is no more diamond than my shoe. Duvernet thinks it is diamond, and I encouraged him to think so, because I found that it always overawed him. Whenever he grew presumptuous, all I had to do was to put on this great dazzling brooch and a very grand air, and it brought him down at once."

"My child," said the Holy Father—and stopped.

"I know what you would say, Holy Father—I am deceiving Duvernet—but that is what is called in the world—diplomacy."

With that she handed the brooch to the Holy Father. It was a brazen imposture, and the Pope, who knew something about gems, could but smile at the size and impudence of the alleged stones.

Then Fifi said timidly:

"Holy Father, how about Cartouche? I so much want to marry Cartouche!"

"Then," said the Pope calmly, "you can not do better than marry Cartouche, for I am sure he is an honest fellow, and loves you, and you must bring him out to see me."

"Oh, Holy Father," cried Fifi joyfully, "when I bring Cartouche out to see you, you will see what a *very* honest, kind man he is! But you must not expect to see a fine gentleman. My Cartouche has the heart and the manners of a gentleman, but he has not the clothes of a gentleman." And to this, the Pope replied, smiling:

"The time has been when I was a poor parish priest, that I had not the clothes of a gentleman, so I can feel for your Cartouche. So now, farewell, and be a good child—and forty francs the week as long as you are simply Mademoiselle Fifi. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Holy Father, and I can not thank you enough, and I am the happiest creature in the world."

And then Fifi fell on her knees, and received a tender blessing, and went away, thinking with pride and joy of the visit she was to make after she was married to Cartouche.

"I know the Holy Father will like him," she thought, as she tripped along the grand avenue toward the town. "The Holy Father is kind and simple of heart, and honest and brave, and so is Cartouche, and each will know this of the other, so how can they help being satisfied each with the other?"

Thinking these thoughts she almost walked over Duvernet, who was pro-



ceeding in the same direction. Duvernet's manner had undergone a complete change in the last half-hour, and he spoke to Fifi with an offhandedness which took no account of her ruffled feathers when he addressed her by her first name.

"Fifi," said Duvernet, "for it is all nonsense to call you Mademoiselle Chiaramonti now—Fifi, I say, I will give you fifty francs the week on the strength of having drawn the first prize in the lottery, of having given your fortune to the soldiers' orphans and of being thanked, as you will be, by the Emperor and Empress in person. It is a liberal offer. No other manager in Paris would do so well."

"And my art?" asked Fifi, grandly.

"Oh, yes, your art is well enough, as long as I have Cartouche to manage you. With the Pope's forty francs the week you will be the richest woman in our profession on the left bank of the Seine."

Fifi considered a while, walking briskly along. Ninety francs the week! What stupendous wealth! But it would never do to yield at once.

"And I am to have all of Julie Campionet's best parts? And you are to be on my side in all my quarrels with Julie?"

"Certainly," replied Duvernet. "You don't suppose I would stand on a little thing like that? Now, you had better take what I offer you, or Julie will certainly spread the report that you wished to come back to the Imperial Theater and I would not let you."

"Bring the contract to me this evening," replied Fifi.

"And to-morrow it is to be published in the newspapers?"

"Of course. In all the newspapers. But, Monsieur, there are some things you must not expect of me now as formerly, such as constructing togas for you out of my white petticoats,

and making wigs for you out of tow. I am above that now."

"So I see—for the present—" replied Duvernet, laughing disrespectfully, "but just let Julie Campionet try her hand at that sort of thing in your place, and you would burst if you did not outdo her. Come, here is the diligence. In with you."

Fifi got back to her old quarters in time to prepare supper again for Cartouche. This time they had cabbage-soup and a bit of sausage.

Poor Cartouche, who had alternated between heaven and hell ever since Fifi's return, was in heaven, sitting opposite to her at the rickety table, and eating Fifi's excellent cabbage-soup. She herself fully appreciated their menu.

"When I was with the Bourcets I could not eat their tasteless messes," she cried. "No garlic, no cabbage, very few onions—and everything sickly sweet. No, Cartouche, one must live as one has lived, and one must have a husband who likes the same things one likes, so that is why I am marrying you a week from Thursday."

"Fifi," said Cartouche, trying to be stern, "haven't I told you to put that silly idea out of your head?"

"Yes, but I haven't though, and to-day I went to Fontainebleau to see the Holy Father, and—now listen to reason, Cartouche—he told me to marry you. Do you understand?"

This was the first Cartouche had heard of the visit to Fontainebleau. Fifi described it glibly, and if she represented the Holy Father as urging and commanding her marriage to Cartouche much more strongly than was actually the case, it must be set down to her artistic instinct which made her give the scene its full dramatic value. When she paused for breath, Cartouche said, glumly:

"But the Holy Father hasn't seen me and my stiff leg yet."

"Oh," cried Fifi, "I am to take you out to Fontainebleau as soon as we are married."

"You are afraid to show me before we are married."

"Not in the least. I told the Holy Father that you were neither young nor handsome; for that matter, the Holy Father himself is neither young nor handsome. But I am glad you have at last agreed that we are to be married—not that it would make any difference."

"You have not married me yet," Cartouche weakly protested, gazing into the heaven of Fifi's eyes, while eating her delicious cabbage-soup.

"Have you no respect for the Holy Father?" asked Fifi, indignantly.

"Yes, but suppose the Holy Father to-day had advised you to marry some one—some one else—Louis Bourcet, for example."

"I shouldn't have paid the least attention to him; but it is your duty, Cartouche, when the Holy Father says you ought to marry me to do so without grumbling."

And with this masterly logic, Fifi helped herself to the last of the soup.

## CHAPTER XI

BY THE EMPEROR'S ORDER

The next day but one, the mystery was solved of the old lady who gave the ninety thousand francs to the soldiers' orphans' fund. It was not an old lady at all, but the young and pretty actress, Mademoiselle Fifi, who had drawn the great prize in the lottery. She had temporarily retired from the stage of the Imperial Theater, in the street of the Black Cat, but would shortly resume her place there as leading lady. So it was printed in the newspapers, and known in the saloons of Paris.

There was very nearly a mob in the street of the Black Cat, so many persons were drawn by curiosity to see Fifi. Fifi, peeping from her garret window, would have dearly liked to exhibit herself, but Duvernet, for once stern, refused to let her show so much as an eyelash, except to those who bought a ticket to see her at the theater, when she was to appear in her great part of the Roman maiden on the Thursday week, the very day she had fixed upon to marry Cartouche.

In this determination to keep Fifi in seclusion until the night of her reappearance on the stage, Duvernet was backed up by Cartouche, who reminded Fifi of the enormous salary she was receiving of fifty francs the week. He had no inkling of the further rise in her fortunes of forty francs the week from the Holy Father.

Meanwhile rehearsals were actively begun, and Fifi had had the exquisite joy of seeing that Julie Campionet was furiously jealous of her. Duvernet, in spite of his unceremonious behavior to her in private, treated her at rehearsals with a respect fitting the place she held on the programme and the stupendous salary she received. All of her fellow actors were either stand-offish with her or over-friendly, but this, Fifi knew, was only a phase. Cartouche alone treated her as he had always done, and even scolded her sharply, saying that in three months she had forgotten what it had taken her three years to learn. But this was hardly exact, for Fifi, being a natural actress, had forgotten very little and had learned a great deal during her exile from the Imperial Theater.

On the morning after the announcement made in the newspapers about Fifi's gift a great clatter was heard in the street of the Black Cat. An imperial courier came riding to Fifi's door and handed in a letter with the imperial arms and seal. It was a notifica-

tion that the next day, at noon, an imperial carriage would be sent for her that she might go to the Tuileries and be thanked personally by the Emperor and Empress for her magnificent generosity to the soldiers' orphans.

Fifi turned pale as she read this letter. She did not mind the Emperor, but the Empress. And what should she wear?

While considering these momentous questions, Duvernet rushed into the room. He had seen the courier and suspected his errand.

Fifi, with blanched lips, told him. Duvernet was nearly mad with joy.

"Oh," he cried. "If I was not already married to Julie Championet and three other women I would marry you this moment, Fifi."

"Marry me!" cried Fifi, turning crimson, and finding her voice, which rose with every word she uttered. "Marry me! You, Duvernet! Marry Mademoiselle Josephine Chiaramonti! No! A thousand times no! Julie Championet is good enough for you."

"I am as good as Cartouche," growled Duvernet, stung by this vicious attack on himself and his wife.

"Monsieur Duvernet," screamed Fifi, stamping her foot, "if you wish me to appear at the Imperial Theater a week from Thursday you will at once admit that Julie Championet is good enough for you, and that I—I am far too good for you—but not too good for Cartouche."

Duvernet hesitated, but the manager in him came uppermost. He conceded all that Fifi claimed, but on returning to the theater cuffed the call-boy unmercifully by way of reprisal on somebody, after Fifi's exasperating behavior.

That night, at supper, Cartouche was oppressed and depressed by this new honor awaiting Fifi. Presently he said to her seriously:

"Fifi, it's out of the question—your

marrying me. Why, you might marry an officer—who knows? Now, Fifi, don't be a fool and insist on marrying me."

"I won't be a fool," answered Fifi promptly, "and I will marry you. The Holy Father told me to, and I expect the Emperor will do the same. At all events, you, too, are to go to the Tuileries."

"I!"

Cartouche fell back in his chair.

"Certainly. I could never get along without you."

"But I couldn't go in the coach with you."

"No. You can be in the gardens, though, and if the Emperor wants you he can send for you."

Cartouche in the end concluded he might as well go, not that he expected the Emperor to send for him, but simply because Fifi wished him to go. And he decided a very important point for Fifi—what she should wear.

"Now, don't wear any of your wild hats, or that yellow gown, which can be heard screaming a mile away. Remember, the Emperor is not a Duvernet, and the Empress is not Julie Championet. Wear your little black bonnet, with your black gown and mantle, and you will look like what you are—my sweet little Fifi."

This was the first word of open love-making into which Cartouche had suffered himself to be betrayed, and as soon as he had uttered it he jumped up from the supper table and ran to his own garret as quickly as his stiff leg would allow. Fifi caught Toto to her heart in lieu of Cartouche and murmured, "He loves me! He loves me! He loves me!"

At noon, next day, a splendid imperial carriage drove into the street of the Black Cat and stopped before Fifi's door. Fifi, dressed modestly and becomingly in black, appeared. She could not forbear carrying her huge

muff, but as it was the fashion it did not detract from the propriety of her appearance.

The street was full when, assisted by a gorgeous footman, she took her seat in the carriage. Duvernet was a rapturous spectator of Fifi's splendor, and she had the ecstasy of feeling that Julie Campionet was watching the whole magnificent event.

She sat up very straight as she drove through the bright and sunny streets toward the Tuileries. As she entered the great gates she watched for Cartouche, who was to be there. Yes, there he was, looking out for her. Fifi's heart gave a great throb of relief, for she was really frightened half to death, and the nearness of Cartouche made her feel a little safer. The look in his face as their eyes met was full of encouragement—it did not seem to him a dreadful thing at all to meet the Emperor.

This courage of Fifi's only lasted until the carriage door was opened, and she had to alight and walk an interminable distance through miles of gorgeous rooms, of mirrors, of paintings, of gilding, and, worse than all, in the company of the very polite old gentleman-in-waiting who escorted her.

She knew not how she found herself in a small boudoir, and presently the door opened and the Emperor and Empress entered, and at the first word spoken to her by the Emperor, as with the Holy Father, fear instantly departed from her, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world for her to be there.

Fifi made a very pretty bow to both the Emperor and Empress. The Empress seated herself, and her kind eyes, her soft Creole voice, her charming grace, captivated Fifi, as it had done many of the greatest of the earth. But when the Emperor spoke—ah, Fifi was one of the people, after all—and like the old moustaches in Cartouche's

regiment, she would have died for the Emperor after having once seen him. He said to her:

"The Empress and I wish to thank you for your splendid gift to the soldiers' orphans, Mademoiselle. Was it not your whole fortune? For I remember well hearing that you had drawn the grand prize in the lottery."

"Yes, Sire," replied Fifi, "but I am still well off."

"I am glad to hear it, Mademoiselle."

"Sire, the manager of the Imperial Theater is to give me fifty francs the week, and the Holy Father, to whom my grandfather was cousin, is to give me forty francs the week as long as I live; that is, if I do not put it on the bill-boards that I am Mademoiselle Chiamonti, granddaughter of the Pope's cousin."

"It was I who caused that relationship to be established, after having heard your name, the evening that my good friend Cartouche invited me to see you act. But what ingenious person was it who dreamed of putting your relationship to the Pope on the bill-boards?"

"I and our manager, Monsieur Duvernet, Sire. Monsieur Duvernet knows how to advertise."

The Emperor laughed a little.

"I should think so. I have met Monsieur Duvernet—the same evening, Mademoiselle, that I had the pleasure of seeing you act. So the Holy Father interfered with yours and Duvernet's little plan—ha! ha!"

"Yes, Sire. First, Monsieur Duvernet said he would give me twenty francs to be billed as the Pope's cousin, and the Holy Father said he would give me twenty-five francs to be billed simply as Mademoiselle Fifi. Then Monsieur Duvernet said thirty francs, and the Holy Father said thirty-five; and Monsieur Duvernet said thirty-eight, and the Holy Father said forty. That

was such a large sum, Sire, that Monsieur Duvernet could not meet it."

"And what does our friend Cartouche say to this? Cartouche," he explained to the Empress, "is my old friend of Lodi, the only man who crossed the bridge before me, and he came to see me and consulted me about this young lady's fortune."

"Cartouche, Sire, does not know it."

"Why? Have you fallen out with Cartouche?"

"Oh, no, Sire. Cartouche and I are to be married a week from Thursday," replied Fifi, smiling and blushing.

"Then explain why he does not know about the Pope's forty francs, since you are to marry him so soon?"

"Because, Sire, Cartouche does not want to marry me—I mean, that is, he thinks he is not young enough or rich enough or well-born enough for me—which is all nonsense, Sire."

"Yes—I know something about you and Cartouche."

"And I never could have married him if I had not got rid of my money. But I am afraid if Cartouche knows of my forty francs the week he will make a difficulty."

"In that case we must not let him know anything about it. But I was told by my arch-treasurer Lebrun that a marriage had been arranged for you with a young advocate here whom Lebrun knows well, by name Bourcet. What becomes of that?"

Fifi smiled and blushed more than ever, and remained silent until the Empress said, in her flute-like voice:

"Perhaps, Mademoiselle, you could not love him."

"Your Majesty, I hated him," answered Fifi, with the greatest earnestness. "He was the most correct person and the greatest bore in the universe. Unlike Cartouche, he thought himself much too good for me, but was willing to take me on account of my

hundred thousand francs. At first I tried to frighten him off."

"How, Mademoiselle?" asked the Emperor, now laughing outright.

"Sire, by — by — buying things. Dreadful clothes, and — and — monkeys, but I was afraid of the monkeys and would not keep them—and a blue satin bed made for the Empress—"

"I know that diabolical bed—so they swindled you into buying it?"

"No, Sire, it was only a way of squandering money and frightening that ridiculous Louis Bourcet. And—I made love to him very outrageously—which was nearly the death of him. Louis Bourcet is not the sort of a man to be first across the bridge of Lodi. The only way to have got him across would have been to carry him. But in spite of all I could do he would have married me if I had not found a way to get rid of my money."

"Tell me how you contrived to get your money in your own hands?"

Then Fifi told about putting the box of old shoes in the bank and sewing the money up in the mattress, just as she had told the Pope, and both the Emperor and the Empress laughed aloud at it. And Fifi further explained how Cartouche's letter had showed her the way to make a good use of her uncomfortable fortune instead of merely throwing it away.

The Empress then asked, in her charming manner, some questions about Fifi's life, and both the Emperor and Empress seemed excessively amused at the simplicity of Fifi's answer.

"I shall have to tell Lebrun, the arch-treasurer, about this," cried the Emperor; "and now, what can I or the Empress do for you?"

Fifi reflected a moment.

"If you please, Sire," she replied after a moment, "to send for Cartouche—he is just outside in the gardens—and order him to marry me a week from next Thursday. For, if he



should happen to find out that I have forty francs the week as long as I live, there's no telling what he will do, unless your Majesty gives him positive orders."

The Emperor rang, and his aide appearing, he was directed to find the fellow named Cartouche.

"He is very homely and has a stiff leg," said Fifi, by way of description of her lover.

While Cartouche was being found, the Emperor, after his wont, began to ask Fifi all manner of questions, especially about the Holy Father, and listened attentively to her replies. His only comment was:

"A good old man, a dreamer, who lives in his affections."

When Cartouche was ushered into the room the Empress spoke to him with the greatest kindness, but the Emperor, frowning, said:

"Mademoiselle Fifi tells me she has a mind to marry you a week from Thursday, and you are hanging back."

"Sire," replied Cartouche, respectfully, but without the least fear, "I am too old and ugly for Fifi, and I have a stiff leg. Your Majesty knows what I say is true."

"No, I do not know it, and Cartouche, obey what I say to you. A week from Thursday, or before, if Mademoiselle Fifi requires, you are to be ready to marry her, and if you balk the least in the world I shall have a sergeant and file of soldiers to persuade you. Do you understand?"

"Oh, Sire," replied Cartouche, with shining eyes, "how good of your Majesty to command me! For, otherwise, I never could have thought it anything but wrong to tie Fifi to me for life. But one must obey the Emperor."

"Yes," cried Fifi, quite forgetting herself in her joy, "one must obey the Emperor."

And then the Emperor kissed Fifi on the cheek, and pulled Cartouche's ear, saying to him:

"You mutinous rascal, you would disobey your Emperor; but remember the sergeant and the file of soldiers are ready when Mademoiselle Fifi calls for them. So, good by, and good fortune to you both, and if anything befalls you, you know where to find your Emperor."

The Empress gave Fifi her hand to kiss and said, smiling:

"I shall not forget a little present for your wedding," and Fifi and Cartouche went away, the two happiest creatures in Paris.

Fifi returned in the imperial carriage, and Cartouche returned on the top of an omnibus, but each of them was in a heaven of his own.

Fifi reached home first, and when Cartouche arrived she was hard at work on a white bonnet for her wedding.

"Cartouche," she cried, as he opened the door, "there are a million things to be done if we are to be married a week from next Thursday."

"I know it," answered Cartouche, "and Fifi—you need not send for the sergeant, I think."

Fifi threw herself into his arms. She was bubbling over with joy. Cartouche's saturnine face was more saturnine than ever. He kissed Fifi solemnly, and broke away from her. It was too much joy for him.

The preparations for their wedding were simple enough, as became an insignificant actress and a poor actor, whose home was to be in two little rooms very high up; for Fifi, having been bred under the tiles, declined to come down lower, in spite of her improved fortunes. They had a great many rehearsals at the theater, too, and Cartouche, as stage manager, had lost none of his strictness, and ordered Fifi about as peremptorily as if he were

not to be married to her on Thursday. Fifi obeyed him very sweetly and had a new humility toward him.

All of their fellow actors showed them great good-will—even Julie Campionet, who behaved in the most beautiful manner, considering what provocation Fifi had long given her. Everybody connected with the theater gave them a little present—poor and cheap enough, but rich in kindness. Even the old woman who lighted the theater brought Fifi a couple of pink candles for a wedding present, and Fifi thankfully accepted them.

Two days before the wedding came three splendid presents—a fine shawl from the Empress, a watch from the Emperor and a purse from the Holy Father. Fifi was charmed, and took up so much time at rehearsal in exhibiting these gorgeous gifts that she failed to answer her cue, and subjected herself to a fine, according to the rules of the theater, which Cartouche rigorously exacted.

Fifi worked so hard preparing for her wedding on the Thursday morning, and her return to the stage on the Thursday evening, that the hours flew as if on wings—and the day came almost before she knew it.

The morning was fair and bright as only May mornings can be fair and bright. Fifi and Cartouche, with Duvernet and Julie Campionet, now completely reconciled with Fifi for a short time, walked to the *mairie* and then to the parish church, and were married hard and fast. From thence they went to a cheap café to breakfast, and Duvernet, in honor of the occasion, had a two-franc bouquet of violets on the table. All of the waiters knew that two of the party were bride and groom, but Cartouche was so solemn and silent, and Duvernet so gay and talkative, that everybody supposed Duvernet the

happy man and Cartouche the disappointed suitor.

It was then time for the rehearsal, which lasted nearly all the rest of the day, Cartouche being unusually strict. When the curtain went up in the evening never was there such an audience or so much money in the Imperial Theater. The best seats were put at the unprecedented price of two francs and a half, and Duvernet gnashed his teeth that he had not made them three francs, so great was the crowd. The play was the famous classical one in which Duvernet had worn the toga made of Fifi's white petticoat. This time he had a beautiful toga, bought at a sale of third and fourth-hand theatrical wardrobes, and it had been washed by Julie Campionet's own hands.

Everybody in the cast made a success. Even Cartouche as the wounded Roman centurion of the Pretorian Guard, got several recalls, and he was no great things of an actor. Duvernet covered himself with glory, but all paled before Fifi's triumph. Never was there such a thunder of applause, such a tempest of curtain calls, such a storm of bravos. Fifi palpitated with joy and pride.

When at last the performance was over, and Cartouche and Fifi came out of the theater into the dark street, under the quiet stars, Fifi said, quite seriously:

"Cartouche, my heart is troubled."

"Why, Fifi?"

"Because I am not half good enough for you. I am only Fifi—you know what I mean. I am ashamed that I am not something more and better than merely Fifi."

And Cartouche, who was usually the most matter-of-fact fellow alive, replied softly:

"As if a rose should be ashamed of being only a rose!"

# The Point of View

BY HUNTER MACCULLOCH

ONCE a knight in search of quarrel—that being knighthood's point of view—

Met another knightly brother, caracoling through the dew.  
Straightway they began to wrangle o'er the color of a shield:  
Whether it were white or yellow—neither would his color yield.  
Swords to angry words succeeding soon had led to tragedy,  
When another knight appearing—knighthood then was flowering free—  
Him they asked to judge between them: his decision, unappealed,  
Favored both the gold and silver—'twas a bimetallic shield!  
Solomon-excelling judgment, to escape an awkward plight,  
When between two angry swordsmen to decide that both are right!  
But this shield, this cause of quarrel, what about its double hue?  
Oh! 'twas but a trick of vision, following from the point of view!

Point of view—it is a harmless oil-and-water-color term;  
Yet there often come occasions when 'tis deadly as a germ.  
Take the golden rule, for instance—slightly used, but good as new—  
It depends for all its virtue on the proper point of view.  
Dwell a moment on the phrasing of this ancient moral gem:  
What ye would men did unto you, do ye even so to them.  
Now the precept presupposes perfect knowledge of the right:  
What ye would have done, ye should have, when you're doing right by might.  
Have we not historic cases of well-meaning men in black,  
Who for final good of others kindly stretched them on the rack?  
Ere I bend my soul and body even to the golden rule,  
I must catechize my ruler, learn if he be knave or fool:  
Tell me, sir, the various matters you would like have done to you;  
Then I'll enter your dominion—if I like your point of view!

Point of view—what tons of paper there are printed, day by day,  
Myriad points of view presenting, each in some distinctive way.  
Here is one would solve creation, fix the bounds of life and fate—  
Grant him but his secret-solving, universal postulate!  
Here is one propounds a system with the cosmos fit to cope;  
He can lead us through its mazes, elsewise we must gasp and grope:  
Here is one who finds life lovely, heedless of some tiny flaws;  
While another notes life groaning 'neath inexorable laws!  
Here is one who draws his fellows as with snapshot in the act;  
Here is one prefers to pose them—makes a fancy sketch of fact.  
Leaflets, pamphlets, books, and papers; past and present, old and new—  
All of literature is written from the writers' point of view!

# Reminiscences of an Interviewer

## VI

*Madame Janauschek, Olga Nethersole, Lillie Langtry*

THE first great actress that I saw will always remain in my mind as one of the few players I have ever seen gifted with real genius. Even at that time it was impossible for me not to be profoundly stirred by the majesty and the power of Madame Janauschek's art. The actress was playing the character with which I suppose her best fame will always be associated, the heroine of Schiller's "Maria Stuart." It is comforting to think that this great play, in spite of its sombreness, has so long held the stage by offering a medium of expression for the gifts of two such artists as Fanny Janauschek and Helena Modjeska. Of course, ideally, it ought to keep a conspicuous place among acted dramas by the force of its inherent superiority; for acting ought always to be secondary to the medium, provided the medium be really worthy. On the other hand, it is unquestionably true that great players have the power of sustaining great works. Too often, unhappily, they do not possess the power, or sufficient judgment or courage. But in the classics Madame Janauschek found the natural expression of her gifts, and if she occasionally descended to more ephemerally popular works, it was doubtless in response to the demands of her public. In some of these, it must be acknowledged, she did brilliant work. But for the opportunity given

her by the stage version of "Bleak House" that she employed, we might never have realized the extraordinary range of her versatility. Her "Lady Dedlock" was a figure of profound tragic portent, like a masterly portrait. But even more human was her characterization of the French maid, Hortense, whose wickedness was made positively lurid by the satirical humor of the actress. Near the end she was driven more and more toward the merely popular thing, and she presented the sad picture of the artist whose greatness was suffering from the growing inability of the public to appreciate greatness in any form of art. After seeing her in many of her first rôles, I came to know her and admire her as a woman as much as I had admired her as a player. She had then ceased to maintain her supremacy, and was living obscurely in an apartment in Brooklyn. But she still loved her work and was eager to return to it. Whenever I went to see her we talked of nothing but the theatre, and it was delightful to listen to her; a woman of her experience and endowments never could be uninteresting or commonplace. She was always the great actress, a creature of wonderful emotions in spite of her years, with the fire of enthusiasm shining from her face and burning in her voice. She deplored the change that public taste had under-

gone, the change that made audiences prefer the most vulgar vaudeville to the noblest tragedy. But I doubt if she was ever daunted by it. After this period, she acted for several years, chiefly, however, as a subordinate member of the companies of travelling stars. An actress who played with her in one of those companies, a brilliant woman and an ardent lover of the theatre, has since said to me: "How she loves acting! It's positively painful to hear any one express such enthusiasm." Of course, the words were really said in praise. To this day, in her retirement in Saratoga, Madame Janauschek doubtless longs to express herself as she has done all her life on the stage. I hope when the benefit that has so long been intended for her is finally arranged, she will be given an opportunity to appear in scenes from her great successes. I believe that she is now as fine an artist as she has ever been.

The last time I saw Madame Janauschek was after her first performance in a vaudeville theatre. Presumably the need of money had persuaded her to accept the engagement. She played the woman's part in the pathetic little play, consisting of two characters only, a woman and a man, entitled "Come Here!" The woman has been an actress and, after vicissitudes and suffering, calls on a manager to seek an engagement. He tests her talent by asking her to say the words, "Come here!" as they should be said to indicate various states of feeling ranging from supreme gladness to profound anguish. Of course, the piece offered an easy task for the actress, and, in that theatre, and before that audience, it was strange to see acting so perfect. At the fall of the curtain I went behind the scenes to congratulate Madame Janauschek on her beautiful work. As soon as I had greeted her, she said sadly, with the thick German accent which always seemed to be an added dis-

tingtion: "Ah, don't congratulate me on going into vaudeville." Of course I said that great acting was great acting wherever it might be done; but I am afraid my foolish words must have sounded perfunctory, in spite of their obvious truth. The hope I have expressed of seeing Madame Modjeska act in the endowed theatre of the future I can enthusiastically echo with regard to Madame Janauschek. Why should not these two great players be invited for a few weeks each season to appear in some of their most successful impersonations? No season that had the advantage of their coöperation could lack brilliant artistic results. There are plenty of lovers of the higher drama who would go far to see Janauschek appear under such conditions as Lady Macbeth or as Meg Merrilies, the character in which she made one of her greatest and most worthy popular successes.

My reference to the admiration expressed for Madame Modjeska by her fellow-artists reminds me of a scene that took place in New York one day in the dining-room of the Savoy Hotel. While Madame Modjeska was seated at a table with the Count, a superlatively dressed young woman entered and observed her. Going forward quickly, the young woman threw herself on her knees and kissed Madame Modjeska on the hand. It was an act of homage that must have appealed to the sense of humor of the great artist, though she was far too gracious to betray anything but gratitude for what was doubtless intended to be homage. Of course the worshipper was a fellow-player, and if one were told that she was an English actress, one might not have to risk many guesses to discover that she was Miss Olga Nethersole. Now I hasten to explain that, as with Madame Modjeska, my only acquaintance with Miss Nethersole exists through the medium of letters and from my study



of her across the footlights. But one does not have to see her play an emotional part without divining some of the qualities of the woman. If she were less exuberant she would be a better actress; if she had no exuberance she might be no actress at all. On the whole, exuberance is a good quality, especially if it is controlled by taste. But here is just where Miss Nethersole suffers from her greatest defect. And yet so far as education goes, that great developer of taste, she has probably had more advantages than most actresses. Before appearing on the stage, she had been a governess; not an exalted position in England at best, but one that requires intelligence and character. Her rise was the direct advance from comparative obscurity to pre-eminence of a talent that could not be ignored or kept back. Before establishing herself as a "star" in this country, she had won some distinction both in England and in Australia. But it was her first American tour that established her. This, too, was made under trying circumstances. Augustin Daly had brought her over, and soon after her arrival had, it is said, partly owing to the interference of Miss Ada Rehan, dropped her. For a time it looked as if her venture might be swamped. But she secured a new manager and she pushed forward pluckily. Her talent showed rare versatility, but seemed to seek its most grateful expression in violent emotion. So, after succeeding as "Frou-Frou," where she was really charming, she became gradually identified with some of the more vulgar problem plays until her gifts were degraded in the interpretation of Clyde Fitch's version of "Sappho." Meanwhile she had given an inexcusably vulgar interpretation of "Carmille," and a performance of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" that was on the whole extremely creditable. It is a pity that she could not confine herself

to work of the character and dignity of Pinero's. But perhaps at this period of degenerate taste such a wish is too absurdly ideal.

For a time Miss Nethersole tried the poetic drama, but with the dreadful handicap of choosing Louis N. Parker for poet. At present she is at an interesting point in her career; she can identify herself with the higher drama, or she can encourage what with some misguided playgoers passes for the higher drama, but is really the lowest form of drama. She is the direct successor to Mrs. Kendal, with much of Mrs. Kendal's power of expressing emotion, but without Mrs. Kendal's variety of expression or resource, both of which gifts, however, may develop with time. As Paula, Mrs. Kendal excelled in the perfect lucidity and discretion of her performance; it was, throughout, the work of a finished artist, capable of bringing out the significance of every speech as well as of sustaining by her bearing a complete illusion. Miss Nethersole lacked such personal authority, and her intelligence, keen as it was, still blurred the effect, and when taste was required, she could sink deep. For example, in the scene where Mrs. Tanqueray snubs her husband's old friend, Mrs. Cortel-you, as written by Pinero, it makes Mrs. Tanqueray vulgar and hateful almost to the point of incredibility. The wise actress, to create the necessary illusion, had to soften it to refine it. Mrs. Kendal played it with just the requisite feline delicacy. Mrs. Campbell made it caustic. But oh, what did Miss Nethersole do? As Paula was about to go out to drive, Miss Nethersole seized the excuse to enter with a long riding-whip in her hand, and throughout the scene she kept cracking it. Nothing more in-artistic could have been conceived, nothing less excusable! Now that Miss Nethersole has reached the point where

she can have her own way in her production of plays, it will be curious to see where she will go.

One beautiful September day, as I was crossing from Paris to London by way of Boulogne and Newhaven, I had what proved to be a very charming encounter. At noon we stopped at a station where I found an eminently satisfactory restaurant, so satisfactory, indeed, that I was the last person to leave it. As I hurried toward the train, a graceful figure ran ahead, clad in a tight-fitting blue serge suit, with the prettiest little blue hat perched on thick braids of auburn hair. There was something familiar about the figure, and when it entered a compartment, curiosity made me watch for the face that accompanied it. There was no mistaking that face; it could belong to only one woman in the world, and though I had not seen the woman for several years, I immediately recognized Lillie Langtry. As a young reporter I had met Mrs. Langtry, and it cheered the solitary traveller to know that she was on the train. When we went on board the boat at Boulogne, I searched for her, without finding her, however. A few moments after we started, I happened to meet her face to face, standing at the door of her state-room. I looked at Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Langtry looked at me with a half-puzzled expression. I raised my hand to my hat; the enigmatic blue eyes demurely returned the greeting, and the pretty mouth parted in a faint smile. "I remember the face," she said, "but I can't attach a name to it." Then I recalled that meeting in New York, and Mrs. Langtry at once became very amiable. We had what was to me a very entertaining talk, chiefly about the theatre. Mrs. Langtry deplored the difficulty in securing good plays. "I wrote to Pinero the other day," she said, "to ask if he wouldn't write a play for me, and he told me

that he had made contracts for five years ahead." I was struck by the difference between the rich and pleasant voice Mrs. Langtry used in conversation and her stage voice, which I remembered as not altogether agreeable. She had the matter-of-fact manner and the distinct speech of the English-woman perfectly aware of what she is about, and not afraid to speak her mind.

Mrs. Langtry is, of course, indisputably clever, and in many ways she has had exceptionally good advantages. On the stage she has had the rare advantage of possessing the graces of the drawing-room which some actresses, far cleverer, never seem to be able to acquire. She is a good pianist, and plays Chopin particularly well. She also has a thorough knowledge of French; but perhaps the best comment on her French may be found in the remark of an Englishwoman who was present at a performance that Mrs. Langtry once gave in Dieppe. "It was so much easier to understand her French than the French of those actresses at the *Comédie Française*." As I talked with her I thought I could see evidences of those qualities which have made her preëminent among the women of her type. It must be acknowledged that such gifts as she had at the start she used with considerable adroitness. In the face of public opinion she has maintained a conspicuous position and held her own in society. Perhaps her greatest triumph came from the marriage of her daughter Jeanne with a man of character, dignity and wealth. That marriage must have caused much astonishment among many of the people who speculated as to the future of Mrs. Langtry's only child. As a very young girl, by the way, Jeanne Langtry spent several years in this country, and made a great many American friends.

The somewhat astonishing success which Mrs. Langtry has won on the turf may be traced to those qualities of head that have made her a success in other ways. When she established her stables she had for her manager a man of exceptionally good reputation for his skill with horses. After a time she discharged him. "What was the matter?" asked a friend. "Isn't he a good trainer?" Mrs. Langtry replied pleasantly, "Oh, yes; admirable. But he didn't win." She succeeded in finding a man who, like herself, knew how to win. As an actress, her career seems remarkable only when one thinks of the small capital of talent she had to build on. Then her success appears almost brilliant. Some of her earlier adventures were ridiculous. Now she has learned discretion. When I saw her last season I was amazed by the nat-

uralness and the ease of her performance. She had actually acquired an artistic finish. But even more remarkable was her success in making a mature woman of nearly fifty seem like a graceful creature of thirty. In this regard Mrs. Langtry excels Sarah Bernhardt and Lillian Russell. She actually looks younger now than she did two years ago. As time passes, she may become known as the second Madame Récamier. But if she remains on the stage, let us hope that she will have better luck in securing plays. We all take an interest in her, as in one of the phenomena of the age, and from time to time we wish to see her; so she might pay us in return the compliment of either securing passably interesting new plays, or going back to some of the old ones that are not too exacting in the way of interpretive ability.

## Love is Most Glad

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

LOVE is most glad with cruel bands  
To bind his tender feet and hands;  
To scourge himself, to know all loss,  
To carry far his heavy cross  
Into the vaguest distant lands.

To suffer—oh, Love understands  
The awful waste of desert sands;  
Strange that on beds of thorns to toss  
Love is most glad!

And for his service Love demands  
No sacrifices. Lo! he stands  
Calling his golden deeds but dross,  
Flaunting the proud world's piteous gloss.  
When flayed and wounded on Life's strands,  
Love is most glad!

# Transmutation

BY EDGAR FAWCETT

ONCE a great poet, of applauded name,  
Wearied below the weight of his proud fame.

For heights of grander goals no more he sought,  
But slowly and with altering effort wrought

A lyric in whose text the phrases brief  
Were dainty as those dim lines that vein a leaf.

Such buoyance round its clustered fancies played,  
Such gossamer mimicry of shine and shade,

So airy a freshness, like the dews of dawn,  
So grassy a fragrance, as from lane and lawn,

That they who marvelled how so frail a thing  
Could be thus beauteous, fell to murmuring:

"What skill mysterious must to him belong  
Who shapes this tremulous fern-spray out of song!"

## The Man Who Would be a Poet

BY JAMES RAVENSCROFT

A MAN longed in his heart to be a poet; moreover, he longed to live by the proceeds thereof.

And of his poetry there was much that was good, but much more was there that was bad. At intervals the good yielded slight profit, but only after hope long deferred.

Now this same poet had a wife who was in sore need of support. And she said unto him, Would it not be well to leave off being a poet awhile, and to do that which is more profitable until our wants are supplied and our creditors appeased?

And he said unto her, Are sordid work and gain for the poet? No! Though I starve, yet will I sing!

And his wife became weary and pale with waiting, and in want sickened and died.

And it came to pass that the poet was heard and called great. And in his books were found inscriptions unto her for whom he vowed a love stronger than all earthly love.

# The Courting of Mistress Prue

BY THEODORE HENRY HISERODT

THE following narration is an extract from the diary of one of my grandfathers, which is one of my most prized possessions. I have found it necessary, in a measure, to change the ancient phraseology into modern language, but I trust that I have retained enough of the original style to impart a piquant flavor.

*Monday, 18.* Mistress Prudence Warren of Roxbury will yet be the death of me. She knows that I am enamored of the very ground she walks on, yet at times she treats me most despitefully, and bestows her favors on a certain Dick Hardyng, a villain whom I loath. She will never let me come to that pass where I may declare my passion for her, and when I am near to making my confession, she turns the matter aside till I make no more progress in my suit than the horseman on the weathercock. Yesterday at the meeting I thought to have speech with her. But the villain Hardyng had the favor. As we were coming from the meeting she dropped her kerchief, seemingly by chance, and that rascal had it before me, and gave it to her own hand, which betoken is fair and white with dainty taper fingers. Then he put her in her wagon, whereat she smiled upon him most sweetly. I hate him, and, if I meet him perchance I shall do him harm.

*Tuesday, 19.* My comrades make

much sport with me, and say that I am no match for Hardyng, and that my liver is of a white color. Hardyng is a vain, conceited coxcomb.

*Wednesday, 20.* I have taken passage in the good ship "Merrymount," sailing the middle of next week for England.

*Thursday, 21.* I met Mistress Prue by the meeting-house this forenoon. She wore a ring of Hardyng's, the sight whereof filled me with rage; albeit she did smile and bow most courteously, I did but incline my head slightly and showed her how little I cared for her.

*Saturday, 23.* This morning I received a letter from Mistress Prue, written in a fair, round hand, sealed with her own signet, and scented with lavender, wherein she said she had heard of my sailing, and bade me come down to Roxbury next Sunday afternoon and say farewell to her. I shall go to Roxbury and make an end to this foolishness.

*Monday, 25.* Sunday I drest myself in my new plum-colored clothes and went to see Mistress Prue. I found her in high spirits and she smiled on me most pleasingly. But she wore the ring of that scoundrel Hardyng, which filled me with jealousy. But Mistress Prue railed at me, and bade me go into the garden, where was a broad seat under the pear trees. I obeyed her, dog that I was. But to



spite her I took a "Virgil" from her father's library. When we were in the garden Mistress Prue sat in the long seat while I sat on the grass, and began to read. (But the truth is, I was only feigning.)

Then she said that she knew a man which would sit beside her. "Yes," I said, "it was that villain Hardyng whose ring she had on, and that I would not sit by one that wore a rascal's token." Now Mistress Prue has a lovely dimple in her chin, and though I yearned to sit beside her, yet because of the ring I hardened my heart.

She made quick answer that Dick was her good friend, and that she would not hear him ill spoken of. So

I began to read again, when she said that she hated books. "Well," quoth I, "since you like neither me nor my books, and so highly esteem Master Hardyng, I'll trouble you no more." Then Mistress Prue fell to weeping, and said I had broken her heart. Seeing her in this great distress, I plucked the ring of the knave from her finger, and set my heel upon it, and I slipt my own ring—which was in my family many years—in its place, and kissed her many times, to all of which she made no resistance. I made her consent that the first banns should be cried next Sunday.

N. B. I shall forgive Hardyng and buy him a new ring.

## Immortality

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

BESIDE a lonely grave I stood  
Within the borders of a wood  
Where little wild flowers waxed and waned,  
And crickets in the leaves complained.

No human foot, for many a day,  
Had turned its wandering step that way;  
No human hand, with loving care,  
Had touched the thickets growing there.

No white carved marble marked the spot,  
But, in a corner of the lot,  
A time-worn board lay in the weeds,  
Inscribed as are the ancient screeds,  
In faded letters, faint and small,  
"Here lies a good book." That was all.

A good book dead? That's what it meant;  
If not in language, in intent,  
And pausing for a little while  
To grant indulgence to a smile,  
I wondered most profoundly why  
They'd make a helpless tombstone lie.

# Personal Advertising in Literature

BY MICHAEL WHITE

IT is in the author himself that one must look for the best advertising medium of the future. In these days mere paragraphs in the literary supplements announcing that Mr. Wilcox Toast has gone to Iowa for local color do not suffice. The public would much prefer to see him doing something more intelligible—riding a black horse up and down Fifth Avenue, for instance. In such a way he might combine personal advertisement with the gathering of local color, particularly if his *genre* smacked of the adventuresome.

Therein, however, lies the point to be made clear. The twentieth-century public insists that its idol, whether a politician or a comic opera singer shall be seen as much as heard from. It likes to fancy itself upon intimate terms with him, and to hail him as he passes by as, "There goes Teddy This, or Bob That." There is no surer indication of wide popularity—which signifies also a rich harvest of dollars—than when a crowd robs a man's name of the prefix, Mister. It is all very well to be Mister Richard Harding Davis or Mister Rudyard Kipling when taking centre under a drawing-room chandelier amid a group of admiring young ladies; but it is safe to assume, without any intention of disrespect, that were either of those distinguished authors known familiarly to several millions of people as simply "Dickie Davis," or "Ruddy Kip," their liter-

ary productions would find a larger market even than they do at present.

In this respect of personal advertising it is true that some praiseworthy efforts are being made in certain directions. One or two American authors have entered the State Legislatures, and a few English novelists have been elected to seats in Parliament. But both have made the mistake of joining the Government forces instead of the Opposition, among whom greater opportunities are to be found for "catching the speaker's eye," attracting the attention of reporters and thence the notice of the general public. Young authors, in particular, incidentally entering the field of politics, should for this reason invariably choose the side of the Opposition. Had Sir Gilbert Parker only managed to secure a seat among the always interesting Home Rulers, at some such effective crisis as when they were being carried out of the House "neck and crop" by stalwart policemen, he could scarcely have failed to attract attention to himself. As it is, he sits high and dry among the Tories, with never a word of his reported. The most unsophisticated press agent could not fail to perceive the advertising value of a distinguished author shaking his fist at the nose of a Prime Minister, or hanging on "tooth and nail" to a bench while the sergeant-at-arms was hauling at his feet. Such are the personal

items which we should like to read about.

Looking further into this matter, one is bound to confess that many excellent opportunities are not taken advantage of. There are the great political parades, for instance. If the bankers and brokers and the legal profession can march behind brass bands with banners held stoutly aloft, why not the authors and editors? In a sedentary occupation the mere exercise would be beneficial, and the cheers of the crowd most exhilarating as they recognized their favorites. If in their abstraction from worldly affairs, the poets should doubt their ability to "keep in line," they might be provided with carriages. But what an opportunity for the more strenuous among writers! Who would conduct himself with more fitness to the whole situation than Mr. Richard Harding Davis, riding behind the band and supported by the mounted editors of "Harper's," "Scribner's" and "The Century"? Needless to say considerable further interest would be added to the spectacle if for a mascot Mr. Thom

—Ernest Thompson Seton would lead one of the wild animals he has met. And how the crowd would cheer as they recognized the veterans marching in the front rank—Mr. Howells, "Mark Twain" and others. It would be a triumph of the old Roman kind for literature.

And surely it would be no more unbecoming in these days for such men to emphasize by their presence in a sound money parade, their conviction that one dollar should remain worth one hundred cents and certainly no less, than it was for former justices of the Supreme Court to do so. Whether it be in literature or law the fact remains that we are forced by insistent bakers and butchers, who refuse to regard poems as currency in exchange for pies and steaks, to remember the existence of the dollar.

As the late Frank Norris in effect very rightly said—the day of the literary aristocrat secluded from the public gaze is over; to be successful now in literature, as in all else, one must put on the armor of brass and go forth to personally advertise.

## Unfulfilment

BY JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH

**I**T is not enough to see, though the gift of seeing be strong;  
 Seeing and song seemed one, yet my lyre was always mute—  
 My soul rose poised as a seer's to the peaks of the hills of song;  
 But below, an echoless valley smote like the touch of Dead Sea fruit.

Yet I mourn not the mocking years with their fadeless phantasy,  
 Though the heart in my breast grows cold with the changeless pulse of ruth.  
 The desire of life, unfulfilled, is the dream of the life to be;  
 And the dream is more than life, and the vision is greater than truth!

# The Arrival of George Horace Lorimer

BY CHARLES HALL GARRETT

ONE hot August afternoon, George Horace Lorimer, editor of "The Saturday Evening Post," much perturbed in his mind, swung around in a revolving chair by his desk in his private office on Arch Street, Philadelphia, and gazed unwillingly at the old tree-shaded graveyard opposite, opposed on two of its sides by office buildings and walled on the others by a checkered, weather-eaten brick wall of colonial style, such as we strive to reproduce in these days. In the noisy Fifth and Arch streets' corner of the graveyard laid the remains of one Benjamin Franklin, founder of the weekly Lorimer had edited for the past four years. The air of the street scintillated with heat, and the hot bricks of the pavement below gave forth a breath like a blast-furnace, that came in under the awnings only to be beaten into motion by little electric fans placed around the room.

The periodical lacked for the forthcoming issue a sufficiently strong article instructive of business ways and attainment of success, principally for the enlightenment and guidance of youth. It had been a policy of the magazine to present from time to time to its readers, in more space than its department of men, women and events permitted, the rise from their initial

stages, with reasons therefor told in recital of those who from obscurity had attained to high positions, not only in the world of letters, finance, railroading, mechanics, law, etc., but in commercial life—those whom Lorimer always denominated, upheld by sound argument, as the "constructive" merchants of this broad land: men usually of Chicago and the Middle West who fostered special staple industries by methods of organization and progressiveness. Men like the first Armour, beside whom the money lenders and bankers of Wall Street, who wait upon the crops of the fields and the output of shops and factories, are secondary.

In order to present in a striking way the life stories and struggles for supremacy of the former class, he tried, without success, to persuade a number of these men to write the stories of their lives for publication, from the time when from plough, or meagre surroundings, clear-eyed and stout of heart, they had entered in lowly fashion, the taxing marts of men.

It was the holiday season—and with one of those flashes of inspiration that sometimes change the currents of our lives and give us ideas of value, he meditated, with increasing enthusiasm as the scheme developed in his mind, relating in a novel manner, through the letters of a self-made merchant to

his son at college, the rock bottom and manner of constructing a successful business.

The atmosphere of summer heat, noisy with flies, was such as to dissipate concentration and encourage truant thoughts—mental wanderings through fields redolent with the pungent odor of daisies, and indulgence in memories of shaded pools where one might discard all habiliments and plunge into cooling waters. Amid such environment he had passed his boyhood in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, the centre of the blue-grass district, where his father, a clergyman, had a charge.

Whetted by old-time memories that drowsy afternoon the country beckoned him to her; but surcharged with the developing possibilities of "The Letters From a Self-made Merchant to His Son," and fearing the conception might elude him if he did not outline it instantly, he put temptation behind him, and, turning to his desk, began the first letter, which he decided would be one of a series of five, or six, only.

It proved good reading, sparkling with dry wit, abounding in horse-sense, and giving "straight-tips" in the form of aphorisms, anecdotes and parables, that smacked of the vernacular of the packing trade in which John Graham was engaged; it conveyed to his boy in college, who was evidently the apple of his eye, that he must not entertain the thought that his father's wealth exempted him from making a man of himself, out of himself, and by himself,—and a man of the type to which his father belonged. It demonstrated the way to place foot on the bottom rung of the ladder in order to mount the other rungs. He represented the father as John Graham, a Missourian, educated in the School of Experience of the Great Southwest, an institute that has graduated more

millionaires, who started empty-handed with sound physiques and with their mothers' blessings, than all the rest of the schools and colleges of the country combined.

Without inviting adverse or complimentary comment from the rest of the staff, Lorimer permitted this first attempt, after careful burnishing, to go to the composing-room. On Thursday the weekly was on the news-stands. The next day brought one letter, a letter of protest from a young Harvard man living in Brookline, outside of Boston. It deplored the existence of a writer who would seemingly deprecate the wisdom of a college man. On Saturday the mail was augmented by appreciative communications about "The Letters From a Self-made Merchant to His Son," and many were the inquiries as to the authorship. Before him Lorimer saw a task outlined, but while it may be comparatively easy to write one extraordinary article or essay, it is a more difficult matter to sustain the unusual standard through many performances. His had been a training, though, that had prepared him to meet issues willingly, and with a challenge, in a sense, thrown down for him to enter the lists; his mind when not engaged selecting and ordering material and on the make-up of the weekly, busied itself night and day in evolving anecdotes, stories and matter for the letters. For here, undeniably, was an opportunity.

When his father left Harrodsburg to go to Boston to fill the pulpit of Tremont Temple, young Lorimer entered a public school of that city, and after a year at Yale went to Chicago, where he procured a minor position in the great packing house of Armour, starting, as Mr. Armour's son started, at the mailing desk. For two years he arrived at the office at six o'clock in the morning, as early as Mr. Armour himself, in order to lay



upon his employer's desk, at seven, the deciphered telegraphic despatches of a private code. Step by step he rose, encouraged by a master appreciative of willing and faithful service. If you care to hear Lorimer laud a fellow-man, you have merely to ask him a few questions about his old employer. Instantly his face lights up with something akin to love, and his tongue waxes eloquent. For, unlike many who rose from the ranks, Mr. Armour's consideration for his fellow-man was no less marked than his strenuous and scrupulous nature. If an employee made an error, or was pursuing a wrong course, it was Mr. Armour's custom to call him into his office and bring him up with a round turn. Then, the matter straightened and the atmosphere cleared, that was the end of it. And, too, never was one more ready to praise and to reward on the instant, either by a raise in salary or a substantial check. It afforded him great delight, at the end of the year, to add to his customary present a bonus of a hundred or five hundred dollars. Never need one in his service have passed his door if in want on account of uncontrollable circumstances. Once, when there was a strike, Mr. Armour, who had observed young Lorimer's conduct with satisfaction, sent him into the yards to settle the uprising. He acquitted himself so well that he was appointed assistant manager of a department which necessitated travelling for six months of the year to oversee the branches of the great firm in numerous cities and towns. Next he was advanced to the head of a department of the Chicago house. In less than ten years he had risen from the mailing desk, at ten dollars a week, to a position paying a salary of \$5,000 a year. Most men, not yet twenty-nine, and drawing such a sum, would have been contented with so fair a return for energy expended, but Lorimer resigned,

conscious that he would never be satisfied or happy in that trade.

He always retired early, and never dissipated his time, and when not spending the evening out, in some sane enjoyment, utilized it in reading standard works and biographies. The latter was his chosen way of studying history. Gradually, during those years, he fostered an ambition for journalism. The whole trend of his life and the current of his thoughts were in that one direction. Unconsciously his business training was equipping him for editorship. For at the foundation an editor should be a business man; his vision is clearer, his thinking is more precise and broad than that of one who is merely "booky." At least, Lorimer lays his success in the magazine field largely to his training under Mr. Armour. In 1897 he went to Boston and engaged as a reporter on a newspaper, "The Boston Standard," from which he went to "The Boston Post," leaving it to spend a year at Colby with a view of fitting himself for a journalistic career. He had always held that beyond certain mental training, which some acquire by a college course,—outside of seriously equipping one's self for a specific purpose,—just so much time is wasted that might otherwise be expended in learning a business and becoming fashioned to a practical mould.

While at Colby, he spent most of his time in the town library, and wrote special articles for the newspapers. He read in "The Boston Herald" that Mr. Curtis of The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, had bought "The Saturday Evening Post," then of little value, but possessing the sentimental prestige of having been founded by Franklin—a help to advertising it—and a quaintly suggestive and suitable title for a periodical issued on the seventh day.

Lorimer foresaw its possibilities at

once, and determined to connect himself advantageously with it. Consequently he wrote to Mr. Curtis, gave a fairly good account of himself, and stated clearly what he was after and what he was willing to do. Then he waited. It must have been a forceful letter, and evidently impressed Mr. Curtis, for he wrote making an appointment to see him in Boston. After a two hours' talk he decided that the man sitting before him possessed of ideas, aggressiveness, a knowledge of letters and a balance wheel, was one he could use. In two years Lorimer rose to the editorship.

"The Letters From a Self-made Merchant to His Son," in common vernacular, "caught on," and, again, employing an expression not confined to editorial rooms, it was "up to him (Lorimer) to make good." It was as if the people had seriously called a bluff—it seemed impossible that one not a positive genius could sustain the effort; and geniuses are so few! And it was all fresh copy. Many thought John Graham was Mr. Philip Armour. But John Graham's dialect, if it may so be called, spoke of the far Southwest, while Mr. Armour was born and brought up in the East. As a matter of fact, although Lorimer portrayed the heart and sterling qualities of Mr. Armour in the character of John Graham, and gave him his happy faculty of transition of phrases, and of explaining the expediency of a move by parable and witty anecdote, of which he had an inexhaustible store, the only anecdote (except some of his stock phrases, such as "I simply mention this in passing") in all of "The Letters From a Self-made Merchant to His Son," which belonged to Mr. Armour was the one in the first letter concerning Bill the butcher. (The sausage story in a different form had been told about Mr. Armour.) John Graham was a conglomerate character, a

fictitious person merely suggested by Mr. Armour's individuality.

Lorimer found his suggestions in everyday things and happenings. For instance, the story of a fake doctor, used in explaining a case, originated from lunching in a nearby café, with a friend who told him about an Indian quack doctor he had met. Lorimer heard little of the story, but his mind continued to revert to the words "quack doctor," "fake doctor," and the idea those words gave rise to was just what he wanted to point a moral and adorn a tale, in a "letter" he was engaged on. Many a friend, or an unknown person in a car, by some observation or characteristic suggested an anecdote perhaps foreign to what might be expected, so swift were the ramifications of his analytical mind, which delighted in juxtaposition and creating situations. When nonplussed, he had an unfailing mine in "The Search for Simpkins," a book of 150,000 words in manuscript form (still unpublished), which he wrote at Colby, a veritable handy compendium which changed its subject every ten words, and familiarly imparted information on anything under the sun,—on demand. To this he frequently turned when at his wits' end. From one of its chapters he took bodily the substance for a letter, and from it extracted numerous sonnets and a serial without damaging the story of "The Search for Simpkins" to any appreciable extent.

At the end of the year Lorimer had been deluged with 5,000 letters, but that first one, from Brookline, was the only one of a deprecating nature. Many argued that the son should be allowed to answer his father, but Lorimer wisely decreed he should die unvoiced. (Some unauthorized answers, though, were written by others over his protest.) It is an art not to weary the public by over-gratifying it. Many

accepted seriously "The Letters From a Self-made Merchant to His Son," and wrote begging letters of various kinds. One said the writer had bet a box of cigars with a friend that the author of the letters was not over a certain age, and hoped Lorimer would reply, as he wished to "smoke on the other man." The interest was amazingly general. From Mississippi came a railroad pass over a Southern line, inclosed in a letter explaining that the writer felt he owed Lorimer a debt, as it was through him he was finally able to secure a right of way for his railroad over a stretch of pine land in Mississippi, owned by a man who had been obdurate in his refusal to sell. He had smoked and talked with him and wasted his forensic powers on him without avail. Finally, on leaving the community, beaten, he undesignedly gave a copy of "The Saturday Evening Post" to the man's son, a youth without ambition to settle down to any kind of work. Some few months afterwards the railroad man received a letter from the owner of the coveted land, saying he would sell the property to him out of gratitude for what he had done for his son. The youth had bought subsequent copies of the "Post" containing the "letters," and, influenced by them, had stopped short in his mad career, and considered to such purpose that he was then doing well in a business way.

So insistent was the demand of the readers of the magazine for the continuance of this new feature, whenever there was any considerable lapse in its issue, that Lorimer's original plan for five or six stories of that particular nature developed into twenty articles. They were republished in German in "The Milwaukee Herald," and later, in book form, met with immediate success in England, where it became the best-selling book of the season, as well as in the United States. Again, they

were translated, for book publication, into German. In the latter language, as their author remarked, if they never before seemed humorous to the English eye they then attained that appearance.

And the remarkable thing concerning its sale, which quickly ran into hundreds of thousands of copies, was that thousands, according to the book dealers, were sold to staid men who seldom read novels. It became the talked-of book, and headed the lists, or was rated as one of the first six best selling books of the months. No less than three well-known dramatists wrote to Lorimer asking for the rights to dramatize the "Letters," but he declined their offers.

Probably no one was more surprised at its sale than the author. After writing six additional letters for "The Saturday Evening Post" he wisely discontinued them. With royalties from both sides of the Atlantic pouring into his hands, Lorimer looked around for an investment, and gratified his wish for a country place of his own by purchasing a house and a tract of land of ten acres just outside of the village of Wyncote, Pennsylvania, ten miles by rail from Philadelphia.

The road runs down-hill to the railroad station, so in the morning Lorimer walks, allowing himself just sufficient time to buy a paper and nod to acquaintances on the platform. In the late afternoon he rides home in time to stroll about his place, train a rose here, pick a flower there and watch the robins on the lawn, before going within to dine. There is but one thing, except his business duties, that can draw him away from the place which John Graham bought: the great love he bears his parents, who live in New York, where his father, the Rev. George C. Lorimer, D.D., is pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church. Every Sunday morning he boards a New York train that carries him from

Wyncote to New York in time to miss the collection, but enables him to hear his father's sermon. After eating dinner with his parents at their home he returns to Wyncote before the announcement of the evening meal—to sit at his own table with his wife and children.

It was a hot August afternoon, and George Horace Lorimer, editor, seated in his revolving chair gazed unwillingly at the old churchyard opposite. The air was noisy with flies, and scin-

tillated with the heat. It was such a day as to dissipate concentration, and encourage truant thoughts,—mental wanderings through fields redolent with the pungent odor of daisies, and indulgence in memories of shaded pools where one might discard one's habiliments and plunge into cool waters. The country beckoned him, but instead of closing his desk, Lorimer turned to it and began the first of "The Letters From a Self-made Merchant to His Son."

## The Bibliophile

BY ERNEST NEAL LYON

I N quietness I touch the lyre  
In praise of book and open fire.  
How farther toward felicity  
Should man aspire?

Familiar friends, elect though few,  
By right of birth and homage due,  
No fitful breeze of Circumstance  
May ruffle you.

Perchance my mood is gayety,—  
You sparkle jest or repartee;  
Like hemlock, crackling on my hearth,  
Your noisy glee.

You steady me, in working mood,  
With counsel, pertinent and shrewd,  
Nor on my dreamy meditative  
Will you intrude.

Let pleaurists for folly look,  
The seer no satellite night brook.  
Enough! Delight and wisdom blend  
Within my book!

# A Business Man's Reading

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

I MEET often enough such as you —bright, quick-minded fellows who, in a clash of wordy wits or a plunge into philosophy on a country road, are opponents worthy enough for any man. You go to the bottom of every truth; you catch every fleeting thought; you run swiftly ahead while we talk and build a breastwork of truth and logic, from behind which you rake us fore and aft when we come abreast. And then when we seek the storehouse from which you have so well filled your mental magazine, you promptly tell us that you are not readers; that you find Stevenson dull and Browning a bore; that you are business men and acquire your knowledge in the great human grind of the work, or in society if you happen to be of the petticoat faction.

Now, I have no quarrel with the statement that there is all the knowledge of a Solomon used in a wheat deal, nor that many writers are unspeakably dull. Neither do I expect Johnson or Williams to like what gives me joy. But I do quarrel with the way you approach reading and the end you think men seek.

To what purpose do you come to my room with your pipe when the lights are lit? You don't love me, surely, and I have no wife. Then, I conclude, because you storm up and down and look into my eyes and dig neck-breaking holes for me in the wilderness of argument, that you are here to whet your wit, to swing mental dumb-bells, and

when the last pipe is lit and we are stripped for a finishing round, to knock me down and out with a storm of your best and strongest thoughts. And you had thought you could not fight with Stevenson nor take issue with Socrates? That Shakespeare spoke only the truth and Johnson was invincible? Where all that bravado with which you strutted away after your conquest of me? Where all that fire and logic? Here are fellows to shake you. Why not rush at Carlyle's conclusions as you did at mine? Lay a trap for Browning's unshaken faith. Say for me the things that Shakespeare neglected. Leave me at peace with my pipe and my book. The book-shelf is there.

I am told that the Woman's Club of Ypsilanti, Michigan, will study Tennyson's "In Memoriam" this winter, and I suppose that all Ypsilanti women not in the club will have an uncomfortable time ere spring and golf, unless they, too, read hard of the English bard. Of course they won't all read and discuss to the end that they may quote, but many will, and those that do will sicken the heart of our clear-headed fellow of the street. They will quote to him over the cereal, and cut the morning orange with a sentence recommended in the critical introduction.

But you? Of course you will not be so absurd. You are a business man. You care not what Smith said when he had succeeded in merging the coffee-



roasting interests. You wanted to know his plan, whether this or that move was good or bad; how he overcame this difficulty and how he avoided that sink-hole. You want the heart of the thing. Yes, but Tennyson was greater than Smith, and Emerson shrewder and clearer-headed than Jay Gould.

Go to them on the shelf there, and, forgetting the woman's club and the school oration, read. If they convince

you against your own judgment you had better look to your next deal in corn, or your late shipment to Argentine. You were not so invincible then, were you? If you find there your own truths expressed better, ah, much better, than you or I can ever express them, read them, spend more time there and less time keeping me from my work. You will be a better man in the market place, and we shall smoke our pipes in peace.

## Story-Telling Time

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

THE spring soft breathes the lovers' vows beneath the bursting trees;  
The summer weaves a golden dream of far Hesperides;  
Rapt hymns of praise the autumn days, the autumn eves, recite;  
Give *me* the lusty stories told upon a winter night:

When to the fire's protecting arc the company draws near,  
And some old grandsire wags his beard, and all bend close to hear  
The while a memory he wakes of sixty years ago:  
Of pathless waste—a wold untraced—and trav'lers 'whelmed by snow.

Takes up the thread a ruddy youth who chatters, eager-eyed,  
A legend born from out the white, the haunted countryside:  
Of form half seen amid the lea, of more than human track,  
Of passing by with demon cry the huntsman and his pack.

And now a low-voiced damsel purls a Paladin romance  
Of lady's favor sought amain by dint of sword and lance;  
Of forest dense, of walls immense, of keeper grim and fey,  
And of a Bayard riding down to hew his dauntless way.

So, mouth to mouth, the word goes round, of storm and biting cold,  
Of were-wolf and of flitting shape, of service true and bold;  
Without: the night beleag'ring tight, the steely stars q'erhead;  
Within: the hearth's enchanted land, where tales like these are sped.

# The Play's the Thing

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

DO you remember, Reader, what was written in that delightful essay of Elia—"On Some of the Old Actors"—concerning Bensley? "He had the true poetical enthusiasm," so it runs, . . . "He seized the moment of passion with the greatest truth; like a faithful clock, never striking before the time; never anticipating or leading you to anticipate. He was totally destitute of trick and artifice. He seemed come upon the stage to do the poet's message simply, and he did it with as genuine fidelity as the nuncios in Homer deliver the errands of the gods. He let the passion or the sentiment do its own work without prop or bolstering. He would have scorned to mountebank it; and betrayed none of that *cleverness* which is the bane of serious acting."

I happened to turn to this passage the other evening while we were lounging in the greenroom—the Critic, the Poet, and myself. I found it just in time to save a situation. You must know that we are a select coterie—that is, we will be as soon as we all return from our summer travel. Last year there were quite a number of us who used to gather in the greenroom—the Playwright, the Actor, the Musician, the Manager, the Author, the Critic, the Poet, and myself—a few times we persuaded the Minister to join us.

There is an unwritten code in the greenroom that holds us together; when we meet, we talk freely and sincerely about things of the stage;—

the plays we have seen or read—the criticisms that strike us as just or unjust—the interpretations of character parts—the tendencies of the drama, if there are any—in fact, we are a theatre-loving body who meet in the greenroom to talk it over; it is only on rare occasions that we are all of us together. There is a long centre table in the greenroom and sometimes we give suppers—then we all come.

We are a representative group; we are abstract, and yet each of us has a certain amount of individuality. The Critic may be any critic; the Playwright, any playwright. There are only three constant quantities about us—the greenroom, Mary, who tidies up the morning after, and myself.

A word will suffice about the latter. I am the Boswell of the crowd,—with this difference, that I do not sit by in respectful silence and admiration, but assert myself on all occasions. I think, too, that the fate of this little coterie of ours is not dependent upon my recording pen, whereas I have often wondered what would have been the fate of Dr. Johnson had there been no Boswell. I remember talking with the Author about this once. "And had there been no Johnson?" he had asked, with a quizzical smile. Of Mary we speak low; she is a typical Irish maid, except in one respect—she has been with us for two seasons, and shows no signs of leaving.

From time to time we have added many curios to the greenroom. You

cannot see the walls for the pictures, the programmes, and the posters; there are book-shelves skirting the four sides of the room, and the centre table is usually piled with magazines and papers. Lounging chairs there are in plenty, and we may each have a hanging light if we wish it. Our front windows face the Square, and from the side we have a glimpse of Brooklyn Bridge. In winter, a log fire cheers us; in spring we are high enough to be away from the noises of the street, and yet see the glow of Broadway, if we wish to. Within a week, we will have an addition to the greenroom, in the shape of Buttons. We shall uniform him and call him Billy.

But let us return to Lamb. I say that the passage about Bensley came just in time. Conversation had been lagging, and the Critic, in a humor to deride the inevitable past, was looking over a review of last season's plays. I read the extract aloud.

"That's just the point," said the Critic, "there is plenty of cleverness on the stage to-day with very little seriousness of the calling. Here I have been looking over this list of plays, and a great part is made up of ephemeral stuff; it requires trick and artifice to make it go, but once started, it goes."

"I should think," said the Poet, "that if the plays were of a higher standard of literature we should not find the actors wanting. There are many who would have perfect control of their art, if art were given them. There is a difference between art and the control of art."

"Not as much so," rejoined the Critic, "as there is between the artist and the manager who controls the dramatic art to-day."

There is vital truth in this, Reader, The majority of plays that are put upon the boards require nothing more of the artist than artifice. But we have

among our actors and actresses those who are capable of putting warmth and depth into their work if only they had the proper vehicle. One of the great faults at present is that the theatre is a commercial enterprise, where the manager is unwilling to venture for the actor's gain. Shakespeare is more literature than he is drama, because of this.

"I have tried to systematize this list of plays," said the Critic, "dividing it tentatively into those plays that are popular because the actor is popular; those that have the comedy element strongest, farces, musical extravaganzas, and the serious drama. 'Twirly Whirly' heads the popular list with 225 performances in New York alone. Why, 'The Stickiness of Gelatine' drew better than its original. The musical pieces nearly all ran into the hundred performances; the light, the glitter, the music that can be used as a song and as a dance,—it is this that takes."

"The wholesome comedy surely asserted itself for a long while in 'Mice and Men,'" I ventured.

"There was 'The Cardinal,'" suggested the Poet, "with some poetic lines in the dialogue, too."

"And 'The Unforeseen,'" I added, "for artistic work that was greatly out of the ordinary."

"You are taking isolated examples," said the Critic; "I do not contend that there are not rare pieces to see—"

"I prefer mine well done," interrupted the Poet.

"For example, 'The Joy of Living,'" continued the Critic, "'La Citta Morta,' and a few others. But I should like to be able to live in an atmosphere of art above mediocrity, instead of having the atmosphere brought in fitful gusts."

The list the Critic had is indeed not an encouraging one. We have not, as yet, any fear of overdoing the problem

drama; it is farce that pleasantly tickles our distorted imagination. The serious drama is usually advertised by telling the public not to look on the other side. We go to the theatre seriously because our neighbor does, and we must meet him on a level; possibly we do not understand the full significance of it all; still we have seen, and at least we take away just what the manager advertised; the healthy public is made to breathe the foul atmosphere of a diseased life. I remember what one of our leading actresses wrote of this: "Plays written deliberately upon subjects akin to those that the courts and the hospitals treat professionally seem to me to be out of place on the stage, unless specially performed; . . . the repertory [of the stage], on the whole, should be recreatively happy and nobly tragic and poetic, and even romantic; for what this workaday world wants and needs is inspiration."

"On the whole," I ventured, "the outlook of the drama is encouraging. There are many healthy tendencies."

"Tendencies!" exclaimed the Critic, "there are no such things. I hear people say tendencies toward problem plays, toward symbolism—but as far as I can see, there are only two extremes—the drama tends toward the good or the bad. Ibsen has the art of natural dialogue; he chooses to deal with an unpleasant phase of life. He has the art; he has the individuality; we have the cult."

"What the drama should strive to do," said the Poet, "is to cultivate the imaginative faculty more—let us have Shakespeare, Maeterlinck, and make the audiences think."

"I heard the Manager say once," I suggested, "that he would be very willing to give us more of Shakespeare, were it practicable. It is too expensive, he says, and doesn't pay. The public are willing to criticise inaccuracies in

settings, but are not willing to support accurate details that require art and study to make."

"And the actors demand more salaries for their work; brains are expensive—and rare," said the Critic.

"I should think," said the Poet, "that it would not be difficult to find those willing to support the drama of Art. Do away with the so-called revivals, with the so-called star-system. Give us—" here he checked himself, went over to the picture of a romantic Romeo, which he turned with its face to the wall; this is one of our rules in the greenroom; eyes have such a way of following one when we descend to personalities. Looks do not count in our sanctum, since we judge by other standards. We heard the poet murmur, "Romeo, Romeo, whyfor wert thou Romeo!"

"Give us," he continued, "a play, and let the stage accessories remain accessories. You do not want too much of Maeterlinck because it is impossible to present mysticism in tangible form; you do not wish an overdose of Ibsen, because you do not want to see too much of a life stripped of its idealism. Let us train our actors and actresses in an atmosphere they will learn to know. One of the chief faults with the Shakespearian revivals is that the actors are taken from a trivial society drama, and dropped into a profound part which they are to handle only for a week or two."

"Shakespeare is not to be handled on the spur of the moment," said the Critic; "our actors who have attempted Hamlet, Shylock, and other rôles have done so after much careful study. It is requisite that the actor and the dramatist be in accord."

The Poet picked up a book of essays and began reading; the Critic subsided in the folds of a paper, from behind which came puffs of smoke, like breakers along the seashore, and I

went back to my Elia. How strange is this thing we call silence wherein the unexpected known as life is born! Even the greenroom has its philosophy, and its moments when "dreams are true while they last."

There is perfect freedom of opinion in the greenroom, and we all have equal right. There are those of the profession who deceive themselves into believing that they have a patent on genius, and they go around aggressively looking for infringements. In the greenroom we fare alike; we have our idiosyncrasies, as you shall see later on. It is ever our custom to share what we believe to be pointed in the books we read. The Poet broke the silence, with something that Yeats has written in his "Ideas of Good and Evil."

"As audiences and actors changed, managers learned to substitute meretricious landscapes, painted upon wood and canvas, for the descriptions of poetry, until the painted scenery, which had in Greece been a charming explanation of what was least important in the story, became as important as the story itself. It needed some imagination, some gift for day-dreams, to see the horses and the fields and flowers of Colonus . . . but it needs no imagination to admire a painting of one of the more obvious effects of nature painted by somebody who understands how to show everything to the most hurried glance. At the same time the managers made the costumes of the actors more and more magnificent, that the mind might sleep in peace, while the eye took pleasure in the magnificence of velvet and silk, and in the physical beauty of women. These changes gradually perfected the theatre of commerce, the masterpiece of that movement towards externality in life and thought and Art, against which the criticism of our day is learning to protest."

"That is a little too hard on the

Manager," I said. "Do you not think that often he is more sinned against than sinning? It is true that sensual situations in a piece are advertised to good advantage; that the mere picture is heeded more than what it represents, but the theatre as a material fact is fast improving."

"The play's the thing," put in the Critic, "and as such should be carefully constructed, with a due regard for the naturalness of its development as well as the capabilities of the actor. Plays should not be manufactured, as they are, within a small circle of cleverness. Far be it that we have the literary drama to the detriment of the actable drama; but I believe that in all respects the progress of the plot should be a development, and consistent, without distorting any particular aspect to satisfy any particular taste."

"One must adjust one's telescope to the requirements of a particular star," I said.

"But stars shine brightest only in a particular atmosphere, and in this respect our theatre are lacking," replied the Critic. "The wholesome comedy, to speak broadly, has degenerated into unwholesome farce; the serious tragedy into ranting melodrama; the good old romantic play of the 'Lady of Lyons' type has given way to a dilution known as the dramatized novel. I feel, however," added the Critic compromisingly, "that we have been passing through a crucial stage within the past few years. Each season brings a glimpse of serious efforts, and it is worth while waiting for the results. Once let the profession become impregnated with the seriousness of their calling and give them the proper vehicle for talent, and we shall see some creditable changes. We have the actors and the surroundings; what is needed is the play."

The Critic rose to go.

"When we meet again," he said,



"we shall be settled, so to speak, for the winter campaign. I have tickets already for the opening nights of many pieces."

"Why don't you write a play?" I suggested.

"Or open a theatre?" said the Poet.

"No," replied the Critic, with the air of one who could if he wanted to (such are the ways of some critics), "I am content to tell how it should have been done."

"Some one has said that the critics are those who have failed in what they criticised," said the Poet.

"Hear, hear!" cried the Critic, good-naturedly.

We left the greenroom together that evening—the Critic, the Poet, and myself. We walked along the streets in the electric glare announcing coming attractions. "Marvellous, Stupendous, Elaborate," the play bills read; again "a score of pretty girls, and twelve different scenes." A musical comedy was to open here, a play with a mob scene there.

"Encouraging signs," said the Poet—"will you give the public what it wants?"

"Yes," said the Critic, "but you

must not misjudge the public. Remember," he called, as he hailed a passing car—"I believe that above all else, 'the play's the thing.'"

"And where's the actor," I called.

"The season will tell," replied the Critic, as he rode off.

And so it will, Reader, the season with all its possibilities. I see two extremes, good and bad. I see a line stretched between these two points, and on it, dangling like puppets, human figures that are constantly shifting. There is one fixed end—the bad—and here the figures crowd and stagnate; there is the centre of indifference with a goodly company about it, and beyond it, isolated but still numerous, those who are entitled to be called actors. When the curtain rises all the figures on the wire will move, pulled by a controlling hand, but there will be some, who, reaching the free end of this wire, will drop therefrom and stand alone through the force of their own art. Let the dramatist stand there with his drama, in the atmosphere of dignity and truth, and meet the actor halfway. For the actor must have an outlet for his art, and, after all, "the play's the thing."

## Hereafter

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

HOW short is life to do the things we would;  
To lay our mortal hands on all the good  
Our minds have reached; how brief is breath;  
The living, that means all, comes after death.

# With Holger Drachmann at the Skaw

BY JULIUS MORITZEN

**D**RACHMANN is the Byron of Scandinavia; the poet laureate of the Danes.

At the topmost point of the Jutland peninsula, where the Skagerak and the Cattegat engage in everlasting combat, I met with Holger Drachmann. The Skaw,—that barren spot which he has made famous through his writings,—has finally become his home. Ever his most treasured haven when seeking rest and quietude, here the poet-painter has settled down among those honest fisher-folks whose deeds of daring he has depicted so masterfully in both verse and prose. To him their rugged welcome has been reward more precious than the acclaim of the multitude.

My first meeting with Holger Drachmann was in the studio of the artist, Kroyer. Like his illustrious countryman of the pen, this foremost Northern painter has long made the Skaw his summer home. In fact, the Kroyers, the Anchors, the Tuxens,—all names to conjure with in the art history of Denmark,—are members of a colony of artists who make yearly pilgrimages to this nature's shrine, where the twin oceans and the sky, the sand dunes and the humble people of this coast afford material, alike striking and inspiring, to the masters of their trade. Having gained fame as painter even before he

turned author, Holger Drachmann also belongs to that select group whose pictures of Danish sailor life made known the Skaw and its interesting inhabitants. In truth, to Drachmann is due the greater honor of championship through his series of matchless sea tales. No painting, however brilliant, conveys half the human message of his "Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone."

It is now more than thirty-two years since Holger Drachmann issued his first collection of poems; but while half a hundred volumes testify to a literary productiveness that has not its counterpart in the province of belles-lettres, which is his forte, yet every page carries the stamp of genius. Had the Danish language been the language of other than a small nation, it is probable that the works of this Scandinavian writer would long since have become familiar to the people of the Western Hemisphere with whom he has so much in common. For, whether as playwright, novelist, or the poet that he is, his aim is that of true democracy. Naturally, the spirit that pervades his lyrics is best understood by those born and bred in the language of the Danes, for, in such word-paintings translation fails to do justice to either sentiment or substance.

Drachmann has not the lofty optimism of Björnsterne Björnson, nor

does he wield a pessimistic pen as does Henrik Ibsen. Rather, this Danish author has the Byronic strain which extracts satisfaction from existing conditions. For better or for worse naturalism means to him truth made beautiful through the gift of expression. The rhythm of his verse, the fire and color of his sentence, do not take kindly to rendition into an alien tongue. The prospective translator hesitates lest he despoil the original of its exquisite beauty.

And the appearance of this Viking singer, this teller of folk tales; this radical whose radicalism yet makes him the most welcome contributor to the repertoire of the Royal Danish Theatre? What is his personality that the nation points to him as the literary champion of the race? Why does the mere mention of his name inspire enthusiasm among the youth of the land? Are the writings of Holger Drachmann of the type that last beyond their generation?

Drachmann is a giant in stature. As he rose to meet me on the occasion of my visit his erect carriage showed off to prime advantage. His once coal-black beard, it is true, is now white as snow. His splendid head of hair, likewise, shows the effect of his almost threescore years. But his eyes!—his eyes still retain that youthful fire of his student days when Holger Drachmann was voted the handsomest of his clan. There is the same lustre; the same contagious enthusiasm. Then his speech: let but the conversation turn around Scandinavian literature of the present; gain the poet's interest through some pointed question, and the result is an inspiration to the favored listener. Smooth and modulated like a woman's, his voice is yet strong and virile, as might have been the speech of his Viking ancestors.

Our conversation turned on innumerable subjects. His latest play; his

American visit of some years ago; realism as expressed through the younger Danish writers; the liberalism of the present government; whatever the topic, Drachmann displayed the buoyancy of one keenly alive to the happenings of the moment. Then he spoke of the Skaw, the rejuvenator of his once shattered health; the cold splendor of the Northern sea and sky; the vivid description of some shipwreck of which he himself was witness; each in turn became a living canvas. Ever it was the Poet who spoke. Yet always there sprang into bold relief the fact that while he is picturesque to a degree, Holger Drachmann never strives after effect; and that he does not invite hero-worship can be affirmed by those who met him during his tour of the United States.

It is said, with good reason, that but for his own reserve on the above occasion the name of Holger Drachmann would by this time have a familiar sound far beyond the literary boundaries where the artistic value of his work has already gained fame. The opportunity certainly was at hand had exploitation been his wish. But, much to the regret of his many admirers, he asked that he be not made an object of homage. Not in the very best of health at that time, he had crossed the Atlantic in search of such rest as is gained by change of environment. But that his journey yielded him additional profit, aside from regained health, is evidenced by the fact that the latest Drachmann play, conceived during the playwright's stay in this country, and finished at the Skaw, is to be produced at the Royal Danish Theatre at Copenhagen, the coming season.

"The Verdant Hope" is dedicated to "My young friends on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean."

Holger Drachmann's career is remarkable for the tremendous energy

that has won for him his present status as the leading Danish poet and playwright. Born at Copenhagen in 1846, he early displayed talent for drawing. Though much prejudiced against it, his parents finally consented to send him to the Academy of Art in the Danish capital. He early attained success as a painter of marine pictures. His work was marked by an assured touch no less conspicuous than the freedom from convention that characterized his portrayal of some every-day subject. But the poetic Muse now began whispering her enticing messages in his ear. His canvases more and more reflected the gift that is the born poet's. The story that he wrought into each succeeding picture evolved superior to brush and pigments. And in 1872 Drachmann convinced his countrymen that he could write no less effectively than he could paint.

This was the year when Georg Brandes began the epoch-making lectures that are the basis for his "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature." When the first poems of Holger Drachmann appeared they immediately attracted attention. Their breadth of view caught the fancy of the younger element. The spirit of rejuvenescence glowed from every stanza. Brandes spoke of the author as one of the men of the "new transition."

Holger Drachmann evidently absorbed the radical tendencies that characterized his earlier productions during his stay in England. His "English Socialists," for instance, is the spontaneous outpouring of youth that for the first time feels the uplifting sense of real freedom. How this tribute to labor came to be written is worth relating.

It was after his return from England, during those years when Drachmann was beginning to make a name for himself as an artist of more than

ordinary talent. To be sure, the Goddess of Fortune had not as yet smiled upon him beyond permitting him to gain a not too opulent living from his work. While in London, hunger had on several occasions met him face to face. Now matters had shaped themselves more favorably. Together with the Norwegian artist, Fritz Thaulow, who to-day ranks foremost among Scandinavian painters, Drachmann occupied an unpretentious studio high up under the roof of a hotel.

As he was one day sitting here before his easel, engaged in painting a view of the Thames River, it occurred to Drachmann that Georg Brandes had asked him if he did not write verses. There now rose before his mental vision the picture of groups of workingmen, such as he had seen them, gathered under one of the London bridges. In an instant he transferred his impressions to paper. Almost without a single correction this was his "English Socialists," as it shortly after appeared in "New Danish Monthly," under the pseudonym of Marc Cole. In quick succession came "The Twenty-eighth of November, 1871," "With Chalk and Charcoal," and the first sketches dealing with the Skaw. And what Holger Drachmann now presented to the public he signed with his own name.

Of his many novels it is not our purpose to speak here, further than to say that "Pledged" is largely autobiographical. It is the summing up of a career essentially artistic; the expression of a nature that has no patience with bigotry or prudish professions. But while "Pledged" is no food for babes, it is truth made manifest in such a way that the vital purpose of the book is brought home at once. Drachmann is both socialist and royalist, realist and romanticist. Cosmopolitan to the core, he has the eclectic faculty which takes and gives with equal ease. A Dane of the Danes, yet his

patriotism has never deterred him from hitting straight from the shoulder when his aim is the shattering of some national prejudice.

As dramatist, Drachmann's fairy play "Once Upon a Time," shows him in a rôle entirely different from that of the realistic author of the novel quoted. Founded on Hans Christian Andersen's story of "The Swineherd," this poetic extravaganza sparkles with humor, while its pathetic features appeal keenly to the emotional nature. Drachmann's mastery in characterization is nowhere shown to better purpose than by contrasting the Princess of "Once Upon a Time" to Edith of "Pledged."

In "Voelund the Smith," the dramatic poem which established his fame beyond a doubt, the fabric is woven from the heroic and the terrible. For the purpose of this work Drachmann went to the Elder Edda. The brute force of that historic past, its sentimentality and its sensuousness, would be nerve-racking to the reader but for the dexterous manner in which the poet here employs his talent. As the last line rings down the curtain the thought is uppermost that whatever the fault of the period depicted there must have been giants in those days.

Holger Drachmann's translation of Byron's "Don Juan" took the Danish

reading public by storm the moment the work appeared. For more than twenty years Drachmann had labored faithfully at his self-imposed task of presenting his countrymen with a translation of "Don Juan" which, as now completed, is pronounced the equal of the original in point of subtle coloring. Except for the artistic kinship existing between the British poet and his Danish translator no such perfect result could have been achieved.

In collaboration with the celebrated Danish composer, August Enna, Drachmann is now occupied in reconstructing two of his most important works, "The Light of St. Bonifacius" and "Halfdan Vanraade the Bard." Recently Enna spent considerable time with the poet at the Skaw, and they are soon to repair to Italy where the tone artist will find the environment congenial to the work in hand. Scandinavia is looking forward with interest to the day when the result of their combined efforts shall be placed before the public. Undoubtedly the musical phases of the plays in question should aid in rendering the poetic genius of Holger Drachmann familiar to the people of the Western Hemisphere. At least, the chromatic scale should lend itself gracefully to any English interpretation of this Byron of the Northlands.

## Memorandum

BY THOMAS WALSH

LIVES of poets oft remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Something in the shape of rhyme.



# Reviews

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ODES FROM THE DIVAN OF HAFIZ FREELY  
RENDERED FROM LITERAL TRANSLA-  
TIONS. By Richard Le Gallienne.  
*Privately Printed, New York. \$15.00,  
net.*

BY JAMES TEMPLE

"CRITICISM," said Matthew Arnold, "is a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." A very humane and urbane definition, though we take leave to think that Arnold, for once, failed in hitting the gold. Still, its humanity and urbanity are so excellent that we are content to let it stand for the moment, and to cite it as our excuse for introducing a new work by a more than thrice abused writer. We are the more moved to the performance of this pleasant duty because of the fact that this writer has thought it best to issue his work in a privately printed form, and has also decided, on that account, to waive the orthodox rule of the orthodox publisher, and withhold those copies usually sent to the press for review. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, however, has long been accounted a very heterodox young man, in the matter of conventions, and in thus issuing his poetical rendering of one hundred "Odes from the Divan of Hafiz" he is but living up to his reputation.

Who was Hafiz? And what has Mr. Richard Le Gallienne to do with him? These are questions which Mr. Le Gallienne best answers himself. If we were allowed the liberty to speak for him, we should say that Hafiz was a poet who lived in old Persia in the years of the

fourteenth century, and that Mr. Le Gallienne, moved by an appreciative sympathy for the Persian poet's work, has, in these early days of the twentieth century, sought to embody the fine flavor of the work of the citizen of Shiraz in such form as the citizens of these United States may understand and enjoy. For be it remembered that this poetical paraphrase was entirely made during a winter's residence in New York, and this sumptuous edition "gotten up" in the same city.

It is quite true that Mr. Le Gallienne knows no Persian. But it is also true that those who have attempted this work with this knowledge have accomplished their tasks with such appalling results that, on this consideration alone, we might welcome the work of a mere outsider, so to speak. Still, if Mr. Le Gallienne be ignorant of Persian, we cannot deny him an acquaintance with poetry and the stuff that goes to make poetry; and this may well stand for him as an excuse for the seemingly impertinent liberty he has taken. What he has done should be judged on its merits—not the merits of the erudite philologist—rather the merits of one who has been anxious to avoid the throwing into the world of another "joyless shadow of a great classic," to use his own expression. He has left that to the Persian scholars, who have not failed to darken thus the sun himself. But the scholars have shown him the stuff of Hafiz's thought—it is the poet in himself who finds the poet in the stuff.

Hafiz composed in the Persian poetical form known as "the Ghazel." Mr. Le Gallienne is not so foolish as to attempt

to transplant this purely Oriental flower into the soil of Western literature. Any such attempt, he knew, could produce but barren results. At best, he could only faintly reproduce the delicate aroma which is of the genius of the land to which it is native. Therefore, Mr. Le Gallienne has made his own English forms, and if he do not give us the ghazels of Hafiz, he gives us what we may value far better—Hafiz as English poetry. In other words, in freely rendering the poetry of Hafiz as English poetry, he gives us Hafiz also, and not himself. "I offer this rendering," he says, "in the first place as poetry, in the second as translation; but, at the same time, my aim has been, as faithfully as in me lies, truly to interpret the great Persian poet to English readers, so that the total result of my endeavor is really—if not literally—Hafiz."

There has been much written about Hafiz, if little has been read. Much of what English reading people know of him is due to the painstaking and erudite labors of Colonel Wilberforce Clarke and Mr. John Payne, though we surmise that the bulky tomes of these Persian adepts are not the common daily reading of the worthy dwellers of Suburbia. Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy has done some laudable service in this respect, and Mrs. Louis Haggan of New York has accomplished a version in French which even Parisian students are not disdaining to accept. Mr. Walter Leaf has also made a courageous effort to do the impossible. In spite, however, of all these achievements, the name of Hafiz is, comparatively speaking, unknown to us. He was not "discovered" by a FitzGerald, and there are no societies called by his name. And yet he is every whit as well worth knowing as Omar Khayyam. He is undoubtedly a greater poet than he of Naishapur—he has infinitely more of charming variety and appealing humanity. If Omar be best accepted as the teacher, Hafiz must be welcomed as the singer. Moreover, Hafiz is one of us—as much of our age as of his own. He is so full of humor, passion, gayety, fine feeling, and loving courtesy. He is such a great lover—he gives himself so un-

selfishly, asking for nothing but love in return, and even this not from all. He knew the world too well to make drafts on its store of unselfishness—and it was much the same world then as it is now. Then his joy in the beauties of nature is so spontaneous—almost like that of a lover for his sweetheart. He delights in her every mood.

"Comrades, the morning breaks, the sun  
is up;  
Over her pearly shoulder, the shy  
dawn  
Winds the soft floating mists of  
silver lawn;  
Comrades, the morning cup! the morn-  
ing cup!"

"Now that the rose-tree in its dainty  
hand  
Lifts high its brimming cup of  
blood-red wine,  
And green buds thicken o'er the empty  
land,  
Heart, leave these speculations deep  
of thine,  
And seek the grassy wilderness with  
me.  
Who cares for problems, human or  
divine!  
The dew of morning glitters like a sea,  
And hearken how yon happy nightin-  
gale  
Tells with his hundred-thousand new-  
found tongues  
Over again the old attractive tale."

The following delightfully pathetic mingling of sorrow for human death, and joy in living nature is quite characteristic. He writes of his little boy who died:

"Little sleeper, the spring is here;  
Tulip and rose are come again,  
Only you in the earth remain,  
Sleeping, dear.

"Little sleeper, the spring is here;  
I, like a cloud of April rain,  
Am bending over your grave in vain,  
Weeping, dear.

"Little flower, the spring is here;  
What if my tears were not in vain!  
What if they drew you up again,  
Little flower!"

We are quoting Mr. Le Gallienne's renderings—the images and the thought are Hafiz, the forms in which they are here given are Mr. Le Gallienne's.

"Heart, have you heard the news!

The spring has come back—have you heard!

With little green shoot and little pink bud, and little new-hatched bird,

And the Rose—yes! yes! the Rose—Nightingale, have you heard the news!

The Rose has come back and the green and the blue,

And everything is as new as the dew—

New nightingale, new rose.

"Wind of the east, flower-footed breeze, O take my love to the budding trees,

To the cypress take it, and take it, too,

To the tender nurslings of the meadows and leas,

To the basil, take it, messenger breeze, And I send it, my love, to you."

"Forget not, O my heart, thine ancient friends:

The sweet old faithful faces of the dead,

Its meetings and its partings—all that ends;

So loved, so vivid, and so vanished:

Forget not, O my heart, thine ancient friends.

"The times are faithless, but remember thou

Those that have loved thee though they love no more:

Thou unto them art dim and distant now;

Still love them for the love they gave before—

The times are faithless, but remember thou."

Yes, Hafiz is worth knowing. It has not been his fault that we did not know him long ago—it was our misfortune. Mr. Le Gallienne, however, has removed the ban, and we are now free from the fetters of our ignorance of an Eastern

language, and free also of the burden of the sins laid upon us by well-meaning scholars. It has been left for a mere poet to liberate us, and, like a poet, he has not stinted himself in accomplishing our deliverance. From New York to Shiraz, travel we eastward or westward, the distance is nearly equal. Here in this metropolis of the New World we find written and printed, for the first time in the history of English literature, an interpretation of a great poet of a strange and unknown Old World, which abides, as we read it, as a bond of sympathy between our various human kinds. Let scholars and academics say what they may, this book is of the best of its kind. In this court such critics have neither place nor part. Here, we must judge, each for himself, and, so judging, we are compelled to a homage that raises this "renderer" to no mean place among the seats of the mighty.

If Mr. Le Gallienne has not been to Hafiz what FitzGerald was to Omar, it is because Hafiz is not Omar. In Hafiz there is not a taint of the philosopher. He was neither mystic nor Sufi. He was too smilingly aware of his own humanity to set himself up as a preacher. Hafiz was heartily and heartfully a poet, and as such Mr. Le Gallienne takes him. Our learned scholar-translators have thought otherwise; but we all of us have known good and worthy people who firmly believe that the Song of Solomon is a religious allegory; Dante's Beatrice a symbol of divine wisdom; and the plays of Shakespeare teeming with hidden messages. We are so intellectually vain, in these latter days, that we spend our lives in raising Aldrovandian monuments to our own cleverness and learning, rather than accept the plain unvarnished tale which the child understands. We have blinded ourselves by our studies, and have missed the joyous ways of the simple-hearted, and we have, therefore, never met the poet.

This also is Mr. Le Gallienne's achievement—that he has accepted Hafiz at his face value. He has recoined the foreign mintage, but the new currency is good, and may safely be accepted as a tender in our modern realm of literature.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM  
COME. By John Fox, Jr. Charles  
Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

BY J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

A GOOD story of love and adventure excellently written, with much of idyllic charm and simple-hearted sweetness. It is not what one would call a "powerful" book, it is just a little too far aloof—too fearful of displeasing for that; there are portions where too sheer a prettiness and sentimentality make their superficial appeal, and incline us to recall those festal Sundays, when, in the presence of carolling children we received a book that could not hurt a lambling; and of which the title—shall we not say—might have closely resembled the present one? But nevertheless, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" has many rare and delightful attributes, which will bespeak the attention of critics, and practically insure it a successful career with the public. We should not be surprised if it reaches the hundred thousand class.

Truly charming is this novel's atmosphere of sincerity, brightness and ideality. Mr. Fox affects us not a little in the manner of Joel Chandler Harris, whom he, however, in nowise imitates, and whom, while falling below in the qualities of humor, breadth and a certain genial "livingness," he entirely outstrips as a narrator of continuous incident. The story is a complete chain of adventure from beginning to end; there are absolutely no tame spots; and when finally we close the book, after bringing the hero from childhood on through the Civil War to his Margaret and happiness, we discover that our reading has been very rapid and intense. Yet it is not to the mere record of exciting events we have yielded, but rather to the fine spirit that informs them, and which, together with a certain faith and genuine chivalry exhibited by the writer throughout, not only detaches us temporarily from the world, but leaves us the germ of profit.

It is, perhaps, inevitable that the recital of the hero's boyhood is more actual

to us than that of his later, and of course more conventional, career. The little waif of the Kentucky mountains makes a more convincing appeal for our sympathies than the student, lover, soldier of later years; Chad is less a thing of fiction than Mr. Chadwick Buford, and the author seems in his depiction of the former more completely at home—to be voicing indeed an emotion more intimate with his soul, than when he quits the mountains and their cool, mysterious charm in order to give us world-life and something of war history. Mr. Fox's handling of the latter is, truth to say, nothing that should bring him much celebrity. He shifts the scene too often, he doesn't make us feel what the soldiers feel; we seem to be following out a campaign over a map, not flushing at the blood reminiscences of some veteran who knew what wounds were and the weary round of marching. He attempts frequently to convey a sense of the pitiful condition of the South at the end of the struggle; but his phrase is not large enough, he misses the grand pathos; he is always too fearful of retarding the actual story. The romance of the Civil War is yet to come.

This novel is nevertheless entitled to careful consideration, and is sure to create a wide circle of enjoyment.



THE SCHEMERS. By Edward F. Harkins.  
L. C. Page & Company, Boston. \$1.50

TO make a careful study of any one phase of life, and to portray that phase clearly and sympathetically to one's readers is a worthy undertaking, even if the phase chosen does not, at first, seem particularly large or attractive. Mr. Harkins has made a careful study of shop girls and shop life, and in "The Schemers" he has admirably given the results of his study, and, what is more, he has made the rather simple story in which his girls figure, decidedly interesting as well as amusing. If you stop to think of it, this is a rather rare combination—realism and amusement and interest in one book.

The scene of the story is a large and

fashionable Boston store (the particular store described is perfectly evident to those who know Boston), and the chief characters are the girls who scheme to marry the Harvard students who shop there, and, of course, the students themselves. There is the society girl, also, as a contrast. Though the plot of the story is secondary to the picture of shop life and character study, it is well carried out, and the reader soon becomes really interested.

But it is as a novel of manners that "The Schemers" makes its claim, as a picture of a side of life almost untouched in American fiction. The best thing in the book is the portrayal of the gradual growth and development of the character of Lillie Fox. She enters the store very young, and is surprised and shocked at the "doings" of her mates, their schemes to "catch the students," and their various petty wrongdoings. Here, be it said, Mr. Harkins makes his girls, for the most part, a decent lot so far as the major, in distinction from the minor, morals go. At first Lillie is shocked at the least familiarity, but she gradually gets over this and begins to accept invitations like the rest. But an unpleasant experience, after one of the Harvard games, shows her the dangers, and from then on she develops, even in the sordid atmosphere of shop and a vulgar home, a truly womanly character, and deserves the happiness that comes to her. The other girls are less agreeable, but equally well sketched. Mr. Harkins is not so happy with his men, they are hardly more than dummies, except Fred Pinkney, the chief male character, and he is too overdrawn, too much of a cad to be life-like.

There are a lot of bright and clever touches throughout the book, and many capital descriptions of things and people. One of the cleverest is the interview between Lillie and a notorious fortune-teller and "mystic." This is admirably done, for it is absolutely true to life, and it is exceedingly funny also. The opening speech at the graduation, too, is a little gem in its way. Take it for all in all, Mr. Harkins is decidedly to be congratulated on this, his first novel, and we

can honestly recommend the reading of it to those who like amusing books that are not what is known as "hard reading." To all women who shop and are inconsiderate in their shopping we recommend the book for various reasons.

H. C.

MY FRIEND ANNABEL LEE. *By Mary MacLane. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.*

THIS unexpected young woman's first bow to the public, in book form, elicited general astonishment, much ridicule, and a few faint cheers,—the latter mostly from other hysterical females. Seldom does a first book create so much, and so diverse comment. At the time of its—*vogue*, shall we say?—the writer of this review collected many opinions from private and public sources, with the purpose of making an interesting comparison as to its effect upon different personalities. All physicians, and men of science generally, explained it away—as they stated—on a purely physical basis. Yet no male critic of them all ever grasped the full emotional situation—nor did most of her own sex, apparently; but all concurred in stating, mysteriously and speculatively, that she was young and might outgrow it! Apparently, she has done so.

Were it not for this first—so frank in all its revelations!—then it is possible this second production might gradually win some attention. But it only bears a general, smoothed-out and rounded-off resemblance to the earlier one, and has lost its spontaneity and—some other things which could better be spared. So, —by this and by that,—it would seem that "My Friend Annabel Lee" is liable to fall flat, between two conditions: there is not enough similarity between this book and the first to recommend it to those of her audience who have looked forward to more of her sensational developments, nor enough essential difference between them to gain a new public. Annabel Lee is a dainty Japanese image to which Mary's fancy turns, and we are given these imaginary conversations between



them, in similar manner as we were given her diary, each chapter furnishing more or less self-analytical reflections and ponderings, in the author's distinctive style of composition. Some of these bits are to be reckoned with, however, as apt and ingeniously presented philosophy.

A. L.

THE FAITH OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By John Kelwin, Jr., M.A. Fleming Revell Company, New York. \$1.50.

IN "An Inland Voyage" Stevenson speaks of himself and the poet Fergusson as "born in the same city: both sickly, both pestered, one nearly to madness, one to the madhouse, with a damnatory creed." This looks as if dogma had lost its savor for R. L. S., and in sooth, it had. The "faith" that Mr. Kelwin, with the most loyal partisanship, educes from the works of Stevenson, for he never knew him personally, is not of a kind that enters into a creed, is unconventional, and in a word, is not "faith," in any orthodox sense. Mr. Kelwin means that Stevenson tended right, had healthy principles of action and a somewhat defined ideal of conduct and life. No one will deny it who has equal knowledge of Stevenson with Mr. Kelwin: which any intelligent person may have who will read him as assiduously. But why a book to tell it?

The greater interest of Mr. Kelwin's book is in seeing the manner in which the Scotch clergyman deals with the subject. His breadth is admirable, his style is excellent and he has some humor, rather caustic in its character. For instance, he says: "It is easy for those who have no imagination to tell the truth, and when they tell it, it is apt to seem intolerably uninteresting."

In the chapter entitled "Actor and Preacher," Mr. Kelwin's manner of arguing and of working up his point is delightfully exemplified. He speaks of the histrionic tendency in Stevenson, and explains many things so that this quality may not be supposed to have any place in his religious side. Henley evidently

thought it had. Mr. Kelwin would fain admit that the histrionic strain is materially present, in its elements, but that the religiosity of Stevenson is not affected thereby. It is genuine religion, just the same. He is equally extenuative and sophisticated in dealing with Stevenson as preacher. He considers him one of the most forceful and effective preachers of religion in modern literature. With similar deftness he manipulates Stevenson's insight, his gift of vision, into faith—and it is illuminating to learn from Mr. Kelwin's own statement here, that one of the most exact definitions of theoretical faith is "seeing the invisible"!

Again, he even traces the instinct of travel in his hero from the physical to the moral and spiritual regions: and so on with the rest. It is a most ingenious case of special pleading conducted with an address as charming as it is unmoving. You still feel as if some other label than "faith" had been better applied.

The book is well worth reading for itself quite apart from any determination to which it may lead the reader as to Robert Louis Stevenson's "faith." In his critical passion for, and appreciation of, the artistic qualities of Stevenson, as evidenced in his works, Mr. Kelwin is very satisfying. One may fancy that Stevenson would have read the author's demonstration of his thesis of "faith" with fascinated amusement and, perhaps—approval.

J. J. A' B.

PRACTICAL JOURNALISM. By Edwin L. Shuman. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25, net.

COMING closely on the heels of Mr. Pulitzer's endowment of a School of Journalism at Columbia University, Mr. Shuman's treatise emphasizes the fact that journalism must be accepted as a distinct profession, with its own methods and aims, and demanding its own special training. It ought long ago to have become obvious to every one that journalism and literature are very different things, but there are still unthinking

people who vaguely confound them. They are the people who should read this book, every page of which insists on the difference.

Journalism is a trade, not an art. Mr. Shuman very properly sets forth its wholly commercial motive, and his measure of success is the pecuniary reward. The ideal he holds before the ambitious newspaper worker is a substantial salary. People of morbidly fine sensibilities may very well be shocked at this cold-blooded valuation of the Power of the Press in terms of dollars and cents, but Mr. Shuman's attitude is precisely right. If he were writing a book on the grocery business, no one would be shocked by his holding out the financial reward as the one aim. The newspaper ought to be considered on the same plane. It is nothing but a fact shop, and every man connected with it is there to sell people the brand of facts they want, or seem to want. Mr. Shuman makes his position clearer by reiterating that the highest positions within the attainment of the newspaper worker are not even remotely literary, but executive, just as in every other business. The biggest salary possible to the man with a hankering to write, he indicates with a tinge of contempt, is that of the editorial writer, which is less than that of managing and even some city editors.

The chapters on a reporter's education and work, the plan of a news story, the gathering of news, and editors and their work are sensible and complete, and show how thoroughly the author's knowledge covers the entire field. The advice to a beginner as to the best ways of entering the profession is sound, though it takes no account of the school of journalism, which is soon to become a positive factor. Mr. Shuman recommends an apprenticeship on a country paper as by all odds the best beginning. Most of the book has a decided value for the novice, and may profitably be utilized as an elementary text-book in the technical schools that are to be. The final chapters, on the laws of libel and copyright, are interesting to more experienced newspaper workers. That on libel especially is an admirable digest of the law,

and offers a reasonably complete and safe guide for the publisher.

E. C.

THE MS. IN A RED BOX. *John Lane, New York.* \$1.50.

THE story, thank heaven, is not so bad as the title, but it is unrelating enough notwithstanding. The plot, persons and events are after the invariable romantic pattern; the style alone, which is sometimes fresh and bright, saves the book from an utter downfall, literarily speaking; in fine, the thing is scarcely worth doing, but it has been done tolerably well.

The publisher, in an introductory notice, tells us, in red letters, that the author is quite unknown to him. He declares that he received in a red box the unnamed and unsigned manuscript of an historical novel, of which his reader reported with contagious enthusiasm; that he immediately determined to publish the work and advertised far and wide for the author; but that no reply coming to his announcements, he was driven to "go it alone." Mr. Lane says that several persons of experience, including Mr. Henry Harland, suggested, each uninfluenced by the other, the book's present title; which, we subtext, for awkwardness and insipidity stands solitary among its fellows. The only thing that could bring so poor a title to the fore would be the critics' chorus of disfavor; thus—by the mere noise of it—inciting a sensation-loving public to gather and investigate; but we cannot believe that Mr. Lane, who, by his own confession, was enthusiastic in the matter, could have consented to such an adventitious bait to popularity. Let us make use of the well-worn maxim and give even the publisher his due. As for the contents of the book, they are nothing very noteworthy.

The scene is cast in England in the reign of Charles I; and probably because the novel is written in the autobiographical style, the language is sometimes rather amazingly archaic. The writer has evidently some talent for his native tongue, and allowing him, as we do, the use of free English, it irks us to en-

counter the occasional affectations inseparable from his plan of speech. He has real aptitude for the description of fens, holms and other watery haunts, he knows his Lincolnshire, and every fowl that flies there, with astonishing truth to life; when his hero becomes a simple marshman, he is tenfold more interesting than while he is a paragon. We wish that the author of the MS. would take to stories of "nature"; for he has the right touch. Coming now to the question of the story itself, we marvel at the absence of one of the most startling incidents of present-day romance, which, from the origin of the art to its contemporary insignificance has always regarded the "fight on the stairs" as its very guarantee and hall-mark. Who may be so hardy as to predict success for a novel which, despite its record of continuous pluck and peril, despite its hero's good arm and good sword, and the fact that he languishes in dungeon, stands at the scaffold with noose round neck while his detested rival grins fiendishly in his face; which, despite the gallop for life, the sinking in the quagmire, the defence of the ruined mill,—rise, ghosts of G. A. Henty's warriors and make known the impossibility of reaching the heart of bully youth without a good fight on the stairs! Up "Gentleman of France," up "Under the Rose," up all ye clashing descendants of Scott, Dumas and Reade, and reprove the mysterious writer of this foundling manuscript.

J. S. D.

THE SONG OF THE CARDINAL. By Gene Stratton-Porter. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

THIS production is a refreshing example of a bird-story told without resort to those wholesale methods of exaggeration that have recently been employed *ad nauseam*, for animal stories, in portrayal of animal characters as foils to some rather inane human characters that utter a lot of absurdities of a non-descript nature neither human nor animal.

Without moralizing in the least, this bird love-story interprets the gospel of

love and is instinct with a great parable-teaching: that he who wilfully harms the least of these, God's creatures, sins woefully against his own being and against his Maker, that the whole earth is a sanctuary, and loving a sacrament.

The gentle, kindly old farmer, Abram, and his wife, Maria, on whose land the trusting redbirds have built their nest in an old stag sumac with antlered limbs, furnish the audience to this enacting love idyll of a summer, translating the emotions and varied notes of their protégés with an intuition born of their own long, perfect love and life companionship. The vigorous tirade to which the treacherous hunter, who invades their grounds on pretense of procuring a squirrel for a convalescing friend, is treated by Abram,—when the would-be slayer breaks his promise and aims a fruitless shot at this "thing of pulsing fire"—is a fitting key-note to the tale: "God knows 'at shootin' a redbird jest to see the feathers fly ain't hevin' dominion over nothin'; its jest makin' a plumb beast o' yerself. Passes me, how you can face up to the Almighty, an' draw a bead on a thing like that! Takes more gall'n I got!"

"Caught nearer the Throne than that of any other bird" is the cardinal's song; that varies successively from the first spring greeting of "Good cheer," to the prophetic "Wet year," then to the mating call, "Come here," and love's fulfilling, "So dear!" that ends in "See here!"—when the young brood appears. "He's a master hand at king's English," comments Abram, "Talk plain as you kin!—like an organ playin' prayers to hear 'im tell her how he loved her . . ."

"O bird of wonderful plumage and human-like song! Brave songster of the flaming coat,—we hail you King of Birdland, at your imperious command, 'See here! She here!'"

From the marshes and swamps up in the land of the Limerlost, where this King-Cardinal was born,—along the shining Wabash River of poetry and song, that the Indians first discovered, and later named Ouabache,—that river beneath whose silver sycamores and giant maples Chief Godfrey kindled his camp-

fires,—we follow him to the Everglades of the South, then North again, when matured and vibrant with full, glad life, like a scarlet rocket this "streak of flame" makes the flight of a thousand miles in one unbroken sweep!

This writer is so thoroughly familiar with her subjects and their environments, and in such entire sympathy with bird life and its haunts, that those who have any love of nature, the woods and their feathered residents, must, of necessity, be heart-stirred by the charm of her description. The book is finely illustrated with camera studies from life which are distinctive and appropriate to the text (a feature greatly to be commended), and, in several instances, very novel in effect, and this, in conjunction with the sympathetic nature of the entire work, produces an attractive whole, and eliminates the purely natural-history characteristics that might mar the artistic value of a work of this order.

A. L.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE. By *W. Clark Russell*. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

MR. Russell's latest addition to his long list of books appears just in time to serve as an argument in the pending lively controversy over sea stories, and it should prove effective, for it is, perhaps, his best story. The tale is more smoothly written and has fewer of the extremely thrilling adventures that are so common in that class of fiction. It is all so pleasant and comfortable that it seems more like a story of a yachting cruise than the voyage of a British merchantman; but it is all interesting, and refutes at least one charge against the author—that his stories are all alike. It must be admitted that most of them heretofore have been similar; but "The Captain's Wife" is of higher class, and it is safe to say will be rated A 1 for longer than sea stories usually float. He does not burden it with technical terms, which, as he says, "sailors will not need, which ladies will not read and which critics will not understand." He offers them almost an apology for introducing Captain Mostyn as "one of

those gentlemanly sailors I am charged with inventing by people who obtain their ideas from boatmen," which is quite unnecessary, for those who know sailors are well aware that the gentlemanly type is by no means so rare as writers who depend for success upon pictures of brutality would have us believe. Mr. Russell apparently has read the discussions of his work, for he does not miss an opportunity to call attention to his critics and defend his own position, which really is not at all difficult for him, for he spent eight years at sea and rose to the position of second mate in the British merchant service, and therefore thoroughly understands ships; and as a writer of good old-fashioned romances of the sea Mr. Russell has no superior.

F. L. W.

THE LAW OF LIFE. By *Anna McClure Sholl*. D. Appleton & Company. New York. \$1.50.

THE work of a new writer has interest for that very reason, if no other. A Kipling, a Mrs. Humphry Ward, or a Robert Louis Stevenson may rise from its pages, and it is in truth, the rarest of pleasures for a reader to discover a new light in the crowded literary heaven of to-day. Even if the author fails to impress himself as a coming high-priest of his art (which is not a mixed metaphor, since his art is religion to the genuine artist), the first draught from a mind is apt to offer something fresh and entertaining.

"The Law of Life" reveals more intention than accomplishment. It is thoroughly American and "up-to-date": it is interesting reading, and one has a clear perception of the very many and very different characters who enter into the book if not into the plot. The style is direct and flowing, and, happily, not bristling with "smart" or epigrammatic remarks. That seems to complete the list of merits in "The Law of Life."

But it hardly seems worth while for an author to invite a reader to nearly six hundred pages of a novel which reward him no more adequately. One thinks of "Middlemarch" and Dorothea as the

psychological struggle of Barbara Dale at Halworth University is set forth, but it is by force of contrast. This orphan girl who has been reared by her uncle, a recluse and student, comes to this coeducational university at the age of twenty, consigned on his death to the guardianship of a brilliant professor of mathematics there, Dr. Penfield, a bachelor of forty-five "who looks sixty." Barbara is hardly a "product" of anything at this stage of her being, though she knows Greek and Latin beautifully. At the end of the first year, the Doctor (because the author will have it so) proposes to Barbara in a plaintively tepid way, and the unawakened girl, through a gust of compassion, accepts him, and they are married. Then she and a quixotically fine young professor, Dr. Penfield's assistant, fall very thoroughly in love and the trouble begins. Barbara has no special force of character, and her "New England conscience" is not tied fast to a good hard stake of doctrine or morality. Feeling that she ought, or ought not, is the determining thing with her, and its result, the not very inspiring one of her drifting to the brink of ruin with Waring, and at the end, pulling back. The book closes with her lover's retreat, and Barbara simply left as her husband's wife without any halo of glory or even the mitigating circumstance of being a "moral lesson."

The trouble with Miss Sholl is that she lacks a grip on her motif and control of her factors. Everybody is a character, and the *raison d'être* of a score of them seems no other than a passion for delineating them. She achieves little that is worth while, and marshals a horde of auxiliaries who simply strut about and are their inconsequential selves. "The Law of Life" is a meringue with little images of lead in it. Did the author fancy it a heavy projectile from a piece of modern ordnance? Whether the law of life is Love, Contradiction, or Frustration, according to this screed, each reader may determine for himself.

Yet, barring the fact that it gets nowhere, it is not uninteresting reading.

THE PROMOTION OF THE ADMIRAL, AND OTHER SEA COMEDIES. By Morley Roberts. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

MR. Roberts's stories are well described in the title of his latest book, for they are comedies pure and simple—a bit brutal at times, to be sure; but clearly intended only to amuse, and by no means to be taken seriously, or to be considered a picture of real sea life. The stories in plot and construction are as much like those by a certain popular American writer as the names of the two authors are alike; but they are different in the fact that Mr. Roberts never attempts to point a moral or preach a sermon. His exaggerated and ridiculous situations make it quite obvious that he is merely telling stories that have very little foundation in fact as far as the characters are concerned. As for the nautical side no one can question its accuracy; and, moreover, his stories are well written and show the hand of a well-educated man as well as a good sailor. Mr. Roberts has seen much of the world, and knows not only England, but Australia, America and several other countries as well, having been during his career a tramp, cowboy, navy, hunter, book agent, and gold digger as well as a sailor—surely a sufficiently varied experience to furnish abundant material for his pen, which few writers know how to use better to make the most of a situation, especially if it has any humor in it. He confesses that he wrote his first book because he needed the money. He did not get much at once; but the originality of his work soon attracted attention, and he is now one of the most popular and successful writers of sea yarns, having written more than thirty novels, widely different in style and subject, and in none of them or elsewhere is there a better sea story than "The Promotion of the Admiral," from which the new volume takes its title, and which is by far the best of the eight in the collection; but there's a good laugh and a pleasant quarter of an hour in any one of them.

J. B. J.

F. L. W.



ELEANOR DAYTON. *By Nathaniel Stevenson. John Lane, New York. \$1.50.*

THIS is a novel "worth while" and of interest. It is psychological and romantic, and, at times, has a thrilling hold. The death of Tom Wilmot is pathetic: Eleanor's farewell to the old country-place of the Daytons, her mingling in spirit with her dead lover, are strongly portrayed; the introduction of the third Napoleon at the beginning and the end of the story is brilliantly clever as side lights on the motif, and the few chapters which deal with the Civil War are vigorous, incisive and full of "go."

Eleanor Dayton, through the death of her father, is consigned to the care of a fine old grandfather, Enfield Dayton, and a maiden aunt, Miss Eliza, when she is an infant of two years. The picture of the child standing in the starlit night before the closed door of the Dayton homestead, in Ohio, and uttering a piercing wail under the terror of that opposing portal is effective, though the mystic force of it is one of those things which is not conveyed very potently, despite the author's endeavors in that direction.

The girl develops into a wondrous beauty. The fate of a great-aunt of hers, Mary Carroll, who, a Helen at twenty, was almost a harridan at forty, is deliberately presented by Miss Eliza to the girl's fancy as a moral lesson. It leads her to dread winning the souls of men by this fatal gift, and the drastic device by which she seeks to prove a genuine lover's constancy is almost ruinous. As it is, they are avowed lovers but for a few moments before his death.

Mr. Stevenson may not have been aware how liberally he has presented in these pages the doleful type of a woman balked in love. Aunt Eliza had a fierce touch of it and was consigned to spinsterhood, as were also Eleanor and Sister Constantia. Sister Rosalie and Eleanor's mother have a year or two of it, and then the one dies and the other becomes a nursing sister. This is almost "crowding the mourners."

The treatment accorded the two sisters, Constantia and Rosalie, while they are quarantined in a cabin with a gypsy

girl ill with confluent smallpox, and two fascinating young men who are exposed to the contagion, is slightly disturbing to the average Catholic. Rosalie is quite coquettish in her treatment of the youths, though her motive is above suspicion. Her own death-bed later, is much more satisfactory a portrayal. The author's attitude toward things Catholic is of most sympathetic character, and, as a rule, truthful. One of the most dramatic incidents of the Civil War was when an Irish regiment, ordered to a task which meant extinction for themselves if gain for the cause, knelt for one moment to receive absolution from the priest who was their chaplain. Mr. Stevenson tells it briefly, but vividly.

In a perfect work of art it should not be necessary for one who has grasped what is given in it to be forced to study its meaning: to deduce its effect. Haze of this kind is a defect, due to the fact that the artist was not fully in the grip of his own conceptions, or lacked the ability to bring it forth. The reader feels constrained to some study of Eleanor Dayton for full appreciation of the book. Whatever be the weak point in the author that accounts for this, the readers of the novel may determine for themselves. The book is certainly above the thousands which are simply good enough to while away an empty hour with.

J. B. J.

WHITEWASH. *By Ethel Watts Mumford. Dana Estes & Company, Boston. \$1.50.*

IT is impossible to conceive of any one reading this latest product of Mrs. Mumford's pen save the authoress, the critics and those who buy their fiction as they buy their summer dresses—for its light and diaphanous qualities. To be sure, there is no lack of incident and plot in the story, but as each is of the most obvious and hackneyed order, there is slight danger of undue taxing of the reader's mental powers. Its one merit is essentially reportorial—that, namely, of a certain vividness of description of scenes in which human beings are actors; but of the psychology whereby these

puppets of the imagination might be differentiated and individualized, Mrs. Mumford has not the faintest glimmering—they are good, bad or indifferent in the manner of the *dramatis personae* in the old-fashioned fairy stories, simply because the author so labels them.

But let us be just. Two scenes in the book are clever, that, namely, at the shrine of St. Anne d'Auray in Brittany and at the so-called Bohemian reception in New York. From Brittany to New York, however, is a far cry, almost as far as seems the journey to the end of the superfluous tale. The villain is very Mephistophelian—handsome, debonair, foreign and with a slight limp. From such a man anything may be expected. Consequently we are no more astonished when he commits robbery and murder in the first act than when at a later period he turns up in New York, wins and abuses the confidence of a gullible, but venomous female member of the upper set, and seeks to blast the reputation of the high-minded and noble maiden who stands ready to unmask him. In fact, why he should have come to America at all is a mystery, as his depredations in Europe seem to have been conducted with eminent success; but having once lured him here, the authoress proceeds to lead him to his doom, and the undoing of his reptilian-like dupe very much in the manner of Old Sleuth, the detective.

"You will have subpoenas and things served on you."

"She held up an appealing hand. 'Don't! You make me feel like a dining-table.'"

"You'll feel more like the dinner when they dish you up, young lady."

Is this, perhaps, wit, after all, and does the fault lie nearer home than we imagined?

W. W. W.

LIFE IN THE MERCANTILE MARINE. By Charles Protheroe. John Lane, New York. \$1.25.

WHILE Mr. Protheroe offers little that is new relative to the life of a sailor, he does give a true and faithful outline of conditions that prevail on shipboard and in the haunts of

Jack ashore. His sketches of the ocean burial of the "dead horse" and the "chalking" of the innocent passenger will interest his younger readers who will think them new, for both practices long have been obsolete, and writers of to-day seldom refer to them. His experience with an ovoviviparous shark is a novelty, for the species really is rare. He sails a trip with a skipper who might well be the model for so many of Clark Russell's captains who become insane through over-indulgence in liquor, and he declares this is "no fancy picture, but a veracious sketch from real life." This, however, is an exception, and most of his life on the deep apparently was comfortable. The book contains a plain tale, written apparently by a plain sailor, who aims to give a true story rather than to produce literature. Several attempts at humor are unsuccessful, for most of the stories have been told before and in better style; but the work carries the impress of truth, and is written in a cheerful vein that is little seen in recent stories of its kind.

F. L. W.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS. By Alice Herbert. John Lane, New York. \$1.25.

STATED concisely "Between the Lights" belongs to that little garden of the soul out of which came Rosamund Marriott Watson's "Tares" and Lizette Reese's "A Branch of May." Neither of these titles means much to the average reader; but to the few who gather heartease from forgotten "flowerful closes," they still retain a perfume, though faint and fleeting, that is all their own. Take Mrs. Watson's "Herbstlied," or, better still, take "Betrayed," where-with Miss Reese opens her songs of finale and farewell:

"She is false, O Death, she is fair!

Let me hide my head on thy knee;  
Blind mine eyes, dull mine ears, O  
Death!

She hath broken my heart for me!

"Give me a perfect dream;

Find me a rare, dim place;  
But let not her voice come nigh;  
And keep out her face—her face!"

There you have something said,—the lyric cry which Miss Herbert has not precisely attained. And yet "The Last Word" is very near to what I have cited, and "The Bargain" one that a-many sweethearts have made and repented at leisure! Here it is:

"To you who fill up the world for me,  
I am only one of a score,  
Well, that is a bitter hearing, though I  
knew it so well before.  
But we all know best what we long for;  
and you shall not break my heart.  
I will stand by the cruel bargain. I  
will take my twentieth part.

"All you want of me is the touch that  
stirs, and the face that seems to  
you fair.  
For all that I give you with them you  
never were born to care.  
Well! love me or do not love me—  
there is fire in the cup I hold.  
I will drink it down to the shallow  
dregs. I will take your beads for  
my gold."

T. B. M.

A CHILD'S LETTERS TO HER HUSBAND.  
By Helen Watterson Moody. *Double-  
day, Page & Company, New York.*  
\$1.00, net.

AS much favor has been given for some time to tales of child-life as to stories of sentiment told by letters. In this volume Mrs. Moody combines the popular material with the popular treatment. The likely result will be vogue for her book, in which a demurely intellectual child of ten or thereabouts writes of herself to an imaginary future husband. Though much in the slight collection is simple, dainty and charming, Virginia, unlike Emmy Lou or Wee MacGregor, is no very real child. The general idea is creditable enough, but Virginia's sagacious naïvete and childish imaginings give one the impression of literary manufacture—seem to be written by an adult for publishable effect. Verisimilitude appears less frequently than cleverness. Virginia sees little use in learning the "Presbyterian chata-

chism" because grown-up people never talk it together. She puts on a mourning bonnet to run away in, and is sold fifty-cents' worth of tickets by a station agent! She thinks Amos a good enough name for a man who "laughs and shuffles his feet and spits." About speaking French, she says "you have to get ready first in your nose." She declares that her Aunt Cornelia is thinking of marrying again because ladies always do, and she will herself if Cherrival dies. Too many of the bright little sentences and pretty notions strike one as conventionally and deliberately childlike.

There is more spontaneity in her decision not to persist in correcting a servant's grammar, but to "do just as God does, let her go on and make mistakes"; in her preference of syrup "poured on crinkle cronkle," though Mrs. Trumbell likes hers "best in puddles"; or in her especial terror of three things,—Catholics, Indians and the last trump.

But as to a true ring in the book as a whole, even after assurance that Virginia has read her young eyes out and used familiarly names like Cherrival, Rosanabel and Vallambrosia, there is less likelihood of Philistines being alone in their doubt than in their credulity.

W. B.

A DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. *Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.* \$1.50.

DR. Brady's latest addition to his long list of books marks not only a distinct advance in his style, but an entirely new departure. He never has written a dull story, but "A Doctor of Philosophy" is more than interesting; it shows marked power, and presents a new side of the much-discussed race-problem—the question being as to the position of a person who has one-sixteenth of negro blood. It is not, however, to be assumed that he throws any new light upon this apparently everlasting controversy, for he does not; he merely thrusts into it a new complication. Around this discussion the author has constructed an unusually absorbing romance with a tragic

ending—the only way out of the difficulty into which the heroine impulsively places herself—that is thrilling, but at no point overdrawn. All the characters are strong and distinct types, different not only from each other, but also from any that Dr. Brady has introduced. Perhaps the best part of the story, aside from the problem it presents, is the picture of Philadelphia society and its representatives, the most interesting type being old Major Whyot, a delightful old fellow, a true gentleman, utterly innocent of the ways of the world in general and particularly the financial side of it. He should live long among figures in fiction. It may be questioned whether a man having one-sixteenth of negro blood would be considered a black; a Northerner doubtless would say he would not; but the South, it seems equally certain, would sustain the view of Dr. Brady, and perhaps the South knows more about this particular question than the North. As for those who disagree with the author it might not be irrelevant to ask them, with slight variation, Senator Tillman's famous question: "Would you let your daughter marry a man who had one-sixteenth of negro blood?"

F. L. W.

THE CAREER TRIUMPHANT. *By Henry Burnham Boone. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

THE question with a woman as to whether a triumphant stage career or a loving husband is the more attractive, is here set forth in a story quite unusual of design; and though the writer gives the impression of promise rather than solid achievement (he has previously written only in collaboration with Mr. Kenneth Brown), the work somehow or other "takes hold" and challenges attention. Perhaps one of the reasons why he fails of a completer and intenser effect is because he is not quite certain of the direction his own powers ought to take. The opening chapters, descriptive of horses and hunting fields and Virginia

life in general, are, for example, not merely somewhat jumbled and incoherent, they are positively poor; the material is all there, but the spirit is wanting; it has the sound of lack of confidence, of too much study, of fact as opposed to reality. When, however, Mr. Boone resigns a certain swiftness of stroke, a dashing manner, which, in fine, doesn't seem to be wholly his, and allows himself to breathe in the pathos of life and to express it with breadth and serenity, he accomplishes something very good and very genuine. He has a peculiar gift for the lights and shadows of the stage; and many of his brief descriptions of men and nature, when freed of a somewhat overstrained optimism in which he is all too prone to indulge, are sincerely stimulating and fine. He is good in his domestic scenes, and possesses a quiet kind of tenderness which is decisively telling when emphasized by the restraint he usually employs. We think he is strongest in depicting those phases of life that have a somewhat sad tinge, such as in the vicissitudes of the theatrical career, the contemplation of erstwhile pleasures, the passing of youth and the necessity of some philosophic quantity to supplant the probably disappointing ambition. We do not mean that he is mournful, he is not even sombre; but his writing is at its best in serious fields, and to say this is not at all to deprecate. Wit he possesses, but his sprightliness seems forced. No writer's good points and bad points appear more keenly accentuated in one short book than do Mr. Henry Burnham Boone's in "The Career Triumphant." The chapters where he "feels" are practical masterpieces; those in which he pushes the thing along and tries to make action are thin, faulty and obscure. The former prevent the novel from being classed as mediocre, but the latter equally inhibit it from meriting a larger distinction. We wish he would attend our counsel to write some fiction of life and struggle in a great city. He has the pen for it.

J. S. D.

# Bert Leston Taylor's

## The Private Papers of Elbert Roycroft

THE public is proverbially short-memoried, but I think many people yet remember Elbert Roycroft, who, not long ago, operated what he called a "Philandery" in New York State, where he "did things by hand," and enjoyed a tremendous vogue among the thousands in our land that think they think, and are quite sure that their souls are complex beyond the ordinary. These thousands bought the pretty things that Roycroft "did into English" on vellum and "Watt'ell paper," flocked to hear his famous "preachment" (he had but one), subscribed to his magazine, and loved him for the enemies he made.

When first I set eyes on Roycroft he was standing in a tepee in the deep woods of the Northwest, posing, as usual—this time for the benefit of the Indian that owned the tepee. Of the two, Roycroft was much the more picturesque. His hair was at least two inches longer than the aborigine's. At this time his vogue was at flood tide. Thenceforward it ebbed; and Roycroft was in danger of a descent into the limbo of soul fads, when, by the death of an uncle, the proprietor of a flourishing soap business, he came into possession of a considerable fortune. Thoroughly weary of faking, as he says in his journal, he embraced the opportunity to withdraw from the soul-culture game while yet his photograph was enshrined in the boudoir of many a sentimental woman, and retired to a secluded estate in the country, where he could throw away his pen and improve his mind by reading the works of other and abler men.

I was not a little surprised that he should select me as the one person to edit his journal. Perhaps his friendship for me grew out of the fact that I had consistently ridiculed his posing and "Philandering," and had urged him more than once to lay aside his mask and devote his real talents to honest literary endeavor. At all events, he advised me, in a brief but happy letter, of his retirement, and sent me so much of his journal as he had set down. The fragments I subjoin will enable the reader to glimpse the Elbert Roycroft of to-day, at peace with himself and the world, and savoring, as he quaintly says, the pleasures of honesty.

August 28.—What a joy it is to turn the pages of an honestly fashioned book—a book printed on good, plain paper and bound in honest boards; not "a beautiful thing done into English on Watt'ell hand-made paper, hand-illuminated by Saint Minnie, and bound in crushed chamois or limp levant, price \$17 a volume." Faugh! The mere thought of that de luxe folderol now nauseates me, and I turn with a sigh of relief to any one of the honest volumes that stand upon my library shelves. Now, I am happy to say, I do not own a book the paper of which is hand-made or the binding hand-tooled. The very sight of vellum makes me ill; and I have even conceived a dislike for my garden fence because it was hand-illuminated by some misguided paint-slinger—probably one of my foolish flock.

I take a positive pleasure in repeating, as I take down one of my volumes: "This book was printed, *not* done into English. There is no smell of vellum or limp calf about it, and the leaves are innocent of watermark. Nor is it one of an alleged limited edition. In short, there is no nonsense or hypocrisy about



## Reading Sauce

it." Then I draw my machine-made easy-chair up to a good log fire, glance approvingly at the andirons, which were *not* hand-made by a home-made saint, and read until drowsiness overtakes me.

*September 2.*—Most of my hours in this place of heavenly quiet are given to reading. Biography is my especial delight, and I have just passed a pleasant fortnight in perusing the life stories of famous artists and musicians. Curiously enough, I have acquired a taste for the bald facts of biography—a reaction, I suppose, from the magnificent contempt for facts that characterized my long career of fakery. In my time I have printed many "lives"; but the facts were of my own invention. It was a deal of trouble to turn the pages of an encyclopædia; and what did it matter if I credited Leonardo da Vinci with Alsatian parents and Botticelli with a Russian grandmother? or if I made Scarlati and Pythagoras contemporaries? I wrote entertainingly, and most of my readers swallowed anything I was pleased to give them; the others said I misstated things designedly. Now, so changed am I, if a fact eludes me I will hunt a library through to find it. This almost mania for exactness I enjoy as keenly as once I enjoyed irresponsibility.

*September 5.*—My reformation is complete! This morning I was introduced to Mrs. —, my nearest neighbor, a pretty and an interesting woman. Moved by the old impulse, I was about to hold her hand, transfix her with a goo-goo stare, and tell her that Art is the expression of man's joy in his work; but I caught myself in time, acknowledged her friendly salutation with a courteous bow, and, instead of Art for Love's sake, or Love for Art's

sake, spoke of the weather and the protection of shade trees.

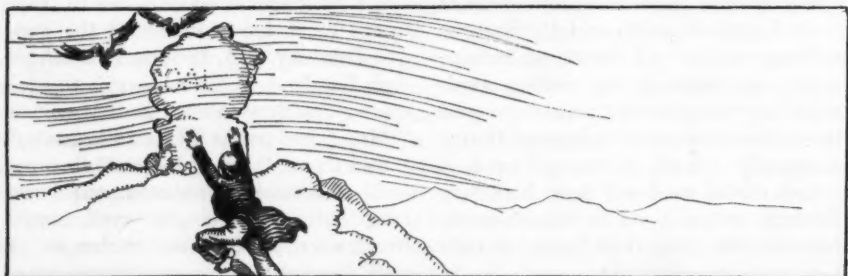
This was the severest test I have as yet been summoned to withstand. It is more difficult to be honest with a woman than with anything else in this world. It was easy enough to quit the preachment game and the de luxe nonsense; but when—

Away with buts, and the thoughts that follow them! Every victory like that of this morning makes the next ordeal the easier to pass.

*September 6.*—I have known the pleasures of hope and the pleasures of success, the pleasures of imagination and the pleasures of reality, the pleasures of mind and the pleasures of body. All pleasures save one I have savored or drunk deep of. That one pleasure, long, too long reserved, I am now tasting—the pleasure of honesty. I have cut my hair, because it gets in my eyes, and I no longer need or desire to trade upon it. I have eliminated the goo-goo from my eyes, because I no longer sigh for fresh feminine worlds to conquer. I address women as "Miss" or "Mrs.," and not as "Little Playmate," "Sweetheart" or "Dearie," because such familiarity, unaccompanied by long hair and goo-goo eyes, would breed annoyance, if not contempt. I walk in a natural way and dress a natural part. I speak simply, and not as a half-baked mystic, and when I write I write simply, as this page attests, because eccentricity of speech or literary style seems no longer a thing to be desired. I am done forever with Watt'ell paper and Japanese vellum, hand-painted initials and saint-made tail-pieces. In brief, I have quit posing and removed my make-up, and am no longer a fakir, but an honest man. For which Soap be praised!

# Cartoon by McCutcheon

AMBITION



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